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Rotarian

JANUARY

MAR 14 1941

WILL DURANT

Ten Steps Up
From the Jungle

STUART CHASE

Calling All
Inventors

EDWARD TOMLINSON

Can the Americas
Live Alone?

WM. LYON PHELPS

My '10 Bests'
For 1940

PICTURES—

- A Boy and a Girl
—How They Grew
- A 'First Nighter' at
A Rotary Institute



New Year Resolution—by ARTHUR CROUCH

1941

BOOKS YOU WILL SOON BE READING

— they are all Book-of-the-Month Club Choices...



Ernest Hemingway's new novel, *FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS*, is the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such universal and warm praise from all critics.



Margaret Armstrong in *TRELAWNY* has written a biography of "one of the most genuine originals of our race"; it was our October choice, and is rising swiftly on all best-seller lists.



William Saroyan's new book, *MY NAME IS ARAM*, is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.



Franz Werfel's new novel, *EMBEZZLED HEAVEN*, is the Club's December book—a quiet, deeply thoughtful work in an entirely different vein from the exciting *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*.



Willa Cather's new novel, *SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL*, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; it is in the mood of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.



Hans Zinsser's book, *AS I REMEMBER HIM*, was a Club choice just prior to his death; if any book deserves its present place, among the top best-sellers in the nation, it is this.



Jan Struther, with *MRS. MINIVER*, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen.



Gontran de Poncins, a Frenchman, has written *KABLOONA*, an extraordinary book about Eskimos—beautifully translated and strikingly illustrated. It will appear very soon.



Van Wyck Brooks' *NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER*, is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was the September choice.

YOU CAN BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WITH ANY ONE OF THESE

—for every two Books-of-the-Month you buy you receive one book-dividend, FREE



**A FREE COPY
TO NEW MEMBERS**

*the best articles and features
of the past 18 years
in the Reader's Digest
IN A SINGLE BOOK—*

THE READERS DIGEST READER is a collection of 138 articles chosen from the thousands of leading articles that have been reprinted in that magazine. They are those in which the reading public itself indicated the most interest. The list of contributors reads like a roll-call of famous contemporaries whose range of interests is as wide as life itself. Whether you are in the mood for relaxation or learning, escape or scientific discussion—or "human interest" stories—here is your book.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were first introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication*. If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other careful recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with

discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you merely ask for it.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. More often than not—as the writers and books mentioned above demonstrate—our judges' choices are books you find yourself buying anyway. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

For every \$1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value. You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation is to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 385 Madison Ave., N. Y. **A1210**

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive a free copy of THE READERS DIGEST READER, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

MR. }
Name MRS. }
Miss }

Please Print Plainly

Address _____

City _____

State _____

IMPORTANT: Please indicate—by writing the name of the book below—whether you wish to begin the subscription with any of the books mentioned above.

Books shipped to Canadian members, DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club, Canada Ltd.

A Money-Making Opportunity for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR
A BUSINESS WHICH HAS MADE
AN OUTSTANDING NATIONAL SUCCESS

Costly Work Formerly
"Sent Out" by Business Men
Now Done by Themselves
at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle
exclusive agency for one of the most
unique business specialties of the day.

Forty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct. Twenty years ago the gas mantle industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic. Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the radio. Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the gas mantle into the discard. So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another.

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousands of cases being replaced by a truly astonishing, simple device which does the work better—more reliably—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable specialty to do a remarkable business, and show earnings which in these times are almost unheard of for the average man.

Not a "Gadget"—
Not a "Knick-Knack"—

*but a valuable, proved device which
has been sold successfully by business
novices as well as seasoned
veterans.*

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the producer hopes to put on the market. You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the existence of such a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by their branches—by doctors, newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals, etc., etc., and by thousands of small business men. You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp. Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this device. The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right at that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately.

Some of the Savings
You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for \$11 which formerly could have cost them over \$200. A building supply corporation pays our man \$70, whereas the bill could have been for \$1,600! An automobile dealer pays our representative \$15, whereas the expense could have been over \$1,000. A department store has expense of \$38.60, possible cost if done outside the business being well over \$2,000. And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here. These are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with. Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand.

Profits Typical of
the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store. For instance, when you take a \$7.50 order, \$5.83 can be your share. On \$1,500 worth of business, your share can be \$1,167.00. The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars' worth \$6.70, on a hundred dollars' worth \$67.00—in other words two thirds of every order you get is yours. Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders—and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage.

This Business Has
Nothing to Do With
House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling. "Selling" is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word. Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to "force" a sale, you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk, let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working. This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has really convinced himself 100%. You simply tell what you offer, showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the device without a dollar down. It starts working at once. In a few short days, the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time. You then call back, collect your money. Nothing is so convincing as our offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing, our men are making sales running into the hundreds. They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

One man in California earned over \$1,600 per month for three months—close to \$5,000 in 90 days' time. Another writes from Delaware—"Since I have been operating (just a little less than a month of actual selling) and not the full day at that, because I have been getting organized and had to spend at least half the day in the office; counting what I have sold outright and on trial, I have made just a little in excess of one thousand dollars profit for one month." A Connecticut man writes he has made \$55.00 in a single day's time. Texas man nets over \$300 in less than a week's time. Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases. However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worthwhile future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man. One man with us has already made over a thousand sales on which his earnings ran from \$5 to \$60 per sale and more. A great deal of this business was repeat business. Yet he had never done anything like this before coming with us. That is the kind of opportunity this business offers. The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is. Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future.

No Money Need Be Risked

In trying this business out, you can measure the possibilities and not be out a dollar. If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade, instead of the downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store, or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—that is a necessity but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control the sales in exclusive territory is your own business—that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes in a month's time—if such a business looks as if it is worth investigating, get in touch with us at once for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait, someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry. So for convenience, use the coupon below—but send it right away—or wire if you wish. But do it now. Address

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Dept. 4002-A Mobile, Ala.

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Without obligation to me, send me full information on your proposition.

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Next Month

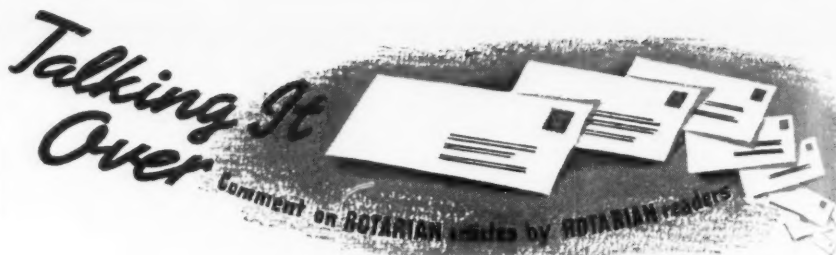
¶ Have you a pet peeve in letters? Professor Walter B. Pitkin has—and he “pulls no punches” in telling about it in *Dear Sir*—the first of three articles on letter writing.

¶ Speaking of letters, Ernest L. Recker, a small-town Nebraska judge, had over 800 about his *The Sentence of the Court Is*—(March, 1940, ROTARIAN). He has another message for anxious fathers and mothers: *An Appeal to Parents*.

¶ Four pages of pictures tell about *Junior Achievement, Inc.*—a new youth organization in which Rotarians are interested. In its projects, boys (and girls) organize stock companies, manufacture useful articles, and sell them.

¶ Today, in war-wracked, tortured bodies of British children, women, and soldiers, there flows the life-giving blood of unknown North American friends. *Thicker Than Water* tells about it—and how recent improvements in technique make it possible for plane and ship to speed the vital fluid from unknown donors to unknown victims.

In Your February ROTARIAN



Peace to You . . .

Writes HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
Author
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

An old friend of your magazine is puzzled. Did you mean page 28 in the December ROTARIAN to be Luke II, 14? Some of your translations are Luke II, 14. Your caption is a variant on Luke II, 14.

And the Dutch is hopelessly wrong. It is neither Dutch nor Luke II, 14.

All the same—peace to you.

The sheet containing the translation of "And peace on earth to men of goodwill" was sent to the Editors by Crombie Allen, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Ontario, California, and was prepared by the International Institute of Los Angeles. Evidently, there was no thought of quoting exactly from Luke's Gospel. It would be difficult to do so, for the Vulgate has it in Latin and the Douai version in English, "Peace to men of goodwill"; while the Standard Edition reads "Peace, goodwill toward men." The Greek version is "goodwill" (genitive case) "men" (dative case).

So with that explanation, let us now repeat with Author van Loon: "All the same—peace to you!"—THE EDs.

Christmas-Card Pictorial Approved

By WM. ESKRIDGE DUKE, Rotarian
Lawyer
Charlottesville, Virginia

I enjoyed the Christmas-card pictorial in the December ROTARIAN. The cards of other days brought back some interesting memories.

A Christmas card of another day dropped on my desk recently from a 1933 legal file I was examining. It came from the late Dr. James Hardy Dillard, and seems even more applicable now than it did seven years ago. It reads:

Whether through bright days or dark days we must go forward. In the dark days it is a comfort to remember a great truth which a great preacher once uttered: "Times of trouble are peculiarly the work-days of God." It seems true for nations and races as well as for ourselves.

Viola—"Fundamental and Right"

Says JOHN SLOAN, Artist
New York, New York

Thank you for the October ROTARIAN containing *Why Child Art?*, by Dr. Wilhelm Viola. I heartily concur with his ideas in the matter—no interference, no practical help, encouragement only. I have never seen an article on this subject to equal this, which is in every way so fundamental and right in its statements.

Wait for Things Military

Says GEORGE L. TREADWELL
Secretary, Rotary Club
Chicago, Illinois

In reading over the contributions to the symposium-of-the-month on war toys in the December ROTARIAN, I'm inclined to agree with those who believe

that structural or cultural toys would be preferable to war toys, with dolls for girls and baseballs and footballs for boys. Such toys are educational in the arts of peace. Leave military things until the boy is of R.O.T.C. age—and then it's another story.

War Toys Are Only Playthings

Thinks NORMAN MOORE, Rotarian
Railway Express Service
Brantford, Ontario, Canada

Such things as war toys are only playthings for boys and girls and are in no way harmful to them—as at least one contributor pointed out in the December symposium-of-the-month. An auto or a tank, a gun or a drum, a soldier or a doll—they are just the same to a child, and his reaction is about the same to any of them.

Darryl Zanuck Liked 'Guns'

Says ROBERT A. GIBBS, Rotarian
Headmaster, Page Military Academy
Los Angeles, California

I was intrigued by the debate on war toys in the December ROTARIAN. More than anything else I was amazed to find that any considerable number of people really believe that playing with tin soldiers makes a boy grow into a man who wants to kill somebody.

My experience with boys has been considerable. For more than 30 years I have lived as head of a family of about 250 little boys, ranging in age from 5 to 14. I eat in the same dining-room, I sleep in the same building, I mingle with them in the classroom and on the playground; I have seen them grow up and get families of their own, and some of their children come back to live again the lives their fathers led. I ought to know something about boys.

Such games as "cops and robbers" give a normal boy infinite delight, and have no adverse influence on his char-

TO THE LADIES!

"Rotarian" Week—the fourth in January—brings this magazine into the Rotary spotlight. And raises a question: Do women read it? To find out, we're offering a \$10 prize for the best letter from the wife of a Rotarian on "Why I Read My Husband's 'Rotarian.'" The letter—not more than 300 words, please, ladies—should be addressed to "Talking It Over" in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. All letters must be received by January 4, 1941—but if you live outside North America, you may have until February 1.—Eds.

acter. Let me outline just one case to illustrate this.

About the most active performer with a toy pistol I have ever seen was a frail fellow of some 7 or 8 years, who would tie a bandana around his head, just below the eyes, letting a part fall down to mask his face, and then with many a whoop and "bang, bang—bang, bang!" his group would chase the other side all over the campus.

He was a kindly little youngster who wouldn't willingly hurt a fly, but he played this game so persistently that my wife was afraid it might have a bad effect on him. It took some persuasion to convince her that his excessive enjoyment was due to his vivid imagination, and signified just nothing at all so far as fondness for bloodshed or lawlessness was concerned.

That was decades ago. Today, as a man, he is just as kindly as he was as a child; and that vivid imagination is as keen as ever, and gives delight to millions. When you see a moving-picture masterpiece, with a producer's name spread clear across the screen, remember that little masked bandit playing "bang, bang!," for the boy of this tale was Darryl Zanuck. . . .

Sister Loses—but Wins

Says SCOTT MATTHEWS
Contest-Award Winner
Stockton, California

Thank you very much for the check for the second-best name submitted in the contest to name The Scratchpad Man's dog [see December ROTARIAN, page 38, for announcement of winner and runners-up]. I did not have enough money for Christmas and I did not know what to do. I sent in a name just for the fun of it. Imagine my surprise and joy when I received the prize. My sister sent in some names too, but she was not so lucky as I, so I am going to share it with her.

London Rotarians Carry On

By R. E. COOMBE, Paste Manufacturer
President, Rotary Club
London, England

The Rotary Club of London is really doing good work, and is keeping its end up very well, although individual members are having their places bombed and losing their staffs and having tremendous difficulties at home. Yet whenever possible they come to Rotary on Wednesday just because it makes a real break for them. . . .

You heard when I was in Cuba of some of our activities, but these are developing more every week, and there is a constant call on us for either service or money. The Clubs abroad are helping us magnificently. Melbourne, for example, cabled me 200 guineas to use as I think fit. Tasmania has sent £3,000 worth of men's and women's clothing for our people who have been bombed. We have all sorts of cables and letters coming in, expressing sympathy and congratulating us on our carrying on. We have just made an appeal and collected £1,000 for a travelling cinema to get to all our outposts. I mean by outposts balloon barrages, anti-aircraft



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

CUBA

HAVANA—SEVILLA-BILTMORE. Centrally located. 400 comfortable, modern rooms. Augustine Batista, Pres. Victor Batista, Mgr. Rates: Moderate, both Eu. and Am.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ALABAMA

BIRMINGHAM—TUTWILER. 500 rooms. Direction Dinkler Hotels. Excellent service. R. Hurt Orndorff, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Wednesday, 12:30.

CALIFORNIA

OAKLAND—HOTEL OAKLAND. On main traffic arteries. Parking handy. 500 outside rooms. H. B. Klingensmith, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3 up. RM Thursdays, 12:15.

SAN FRANCISCO—STEWART HOTEL. Down town on Geary St. above Union Square. Chas. A. Stewart, Prop. Rates, single with bath, from \$2.50. Excellent cuisine.

COLORADO

COLORADO SPRINGS—ACACIA HOTEL. Popular priced. Good food, excellent service. Jo. W. Atkinson and R. R. Haigler, Mgrs. Rates: Eu. \$2.00 up. RM Friday, 12:15.

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT—THE STRATFIELD HOTEL. Rates from \$3.00. "Air Conditioned Dining Rooms and Bar." Earl G. Eisenman, Mgr. RM meets Tuesday, 12:15.

DANBURY—HOTEL GREEN. 120 Clean, Comfortable Rooms. Quality Food. Moderate Prices. F. C. Brown, Manager-Owner. RM Wed. 12:15.

NEW HAVEN—HOTEL TAFT. Very popular Coffee Shop. Friendly and Informal. 400 rooms. \$3 up. J. O. Volt, Gen. Mgr. RM Tuesday, 12:15.

FLORIDA

FORT MYERS—FRANKLIN ARMS. "Southwest Florida's Distinctive Hotel." Modern, steam heat, etc. Gilmer M. Heitman, Owner-Manager. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up.

THE COLUMBUS
MIAMI'S finest
Bayfront Hotel

17 FLOORS OF LUXURIOUS LIVING IN THE
HEART OF AMERICA'S TROPIC WONDERLAND

MIAMI—DALLAS PARK. Rooms, apartments, penthouses. Roof sun-bathing, 11 stories, overlooking beautiful Biscayne Bay. Moderate rates. Eu. Michael Whelan, Manager.

MIAMI BEACH—THE FLAMINGO. All that is best in Resort life. Gorgeous tropical setting. Restricted clientele. Special early season rates. Bungalows. C. S. Krom, Mgr.

PENSACOLA—SAN CARLOS HOTEL. Air-conditioned grill. Splendid southern food. Open all year. L. C. Hagler, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50-\$6. RM Tuesday, 1:00.

ST. PETERSBURG—COLONIAL HOTEL. Quiet and restful. 65 rooms. Rates: (Am.) \$7-\$8. (Eu.) \$4-\$5. John C. Boice, Mgr. (Nov.-May 1)

ST. PETERSBURG—DENNIS HOTEL. Comfortable and convenient. 125 Rooms. Rates: (Eu.) \$4.00 up. (Oct.-May 1). N. L. Dennis, Owner.

ST. PETERSBURG—THE HUNTINGTON. Truly a resort hotel of merit. 125 rooms. J. Lee Barnes, Pres.; Paul E. Barnes, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Am. \$7-\$12. Eu. \$4-\$8.

Suwannee Hotel

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

"In the heart of the Sunshine City"

205 outside rooms with comb. tub-shower.

Spacious lobbies. Cocktail lounge. Dining rm.

Paul Brown, Man. Dir.

Rotary meets Friday noon

GEORGIA

ATLANTA—ANSLEY HOTEL. 400 rooms of solid comfort in the downtown section. A Dinkler Hotel. L. L. Tucker, Jr., Res. Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up. RM Monday, 12:30.

ILLINOIS

HOTEL SHERMAN

CHICAGO

HEADQUARTERS—ROTARY CLUB OF CHICAGO

for over twenty-five years

Luncheon on Tuesday

KANSAS

TOPEKA—HOTEL JAYHAWK. Newest and finest. Excellent food. Garage in connection. Rates: \$2.50 up with bath. N. M. Mosby, Pres. & Gen'l Mgr. RM Thurs., 12:15.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS—ST. CHARLES. Comfortable accommodations for 1,000 guests. Direction Dinkler Hotels. John J. O'Leary, Vice-Pres. & Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$3.00 up.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT—HOTEL WOLVERINE. "Best Buy in Detroit." 500 modern, newly equipped rooms. Personalized service you'll appreciate. Frank Walker, Mgr. Rates: \$1.50 up.

YPSILANTI—HOTEL HURON. On U. S. highway 112. Completely modern and fireproof. Rates: \$1.50 up. Excellent food. E. L. Bostrom, Mgr. RM Monday, 12:15.

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS—KINGSWAY HOTEL. Kingshighway at W. Pine. 300 rooms. Charm and comfort and genuine hospitality. John K. Bryan, Mgr. Rates: \$1.50 up.

HOTEL Lennox ST. LOUIS
MEMO

*Tell the Boss to stay at the
Hotel Lennox in Saint Louis,
Perfect service—grand food—down town
—nearby parking—private bath—
radio reception*

NEXT STOP ST. LOUIS!

AND MY STOP IS HOTEL Mayfair!
TOPS IN FOOD & SERVICE—AND RIGHT DOWNTOWN



NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL CLARIDGE. "The Skyscraper by the Sea." 400 rooms with bath; 3 ocean decks; health baths. Europ. \$4.50 Single, \$7 Double. Gerald R. Trimble, Gen. Mgr.

ATLANTIC CITY—HOTEL DENNIS. Central on the Boardwalk. Open ocean lounges, health baths. Delicious cuisine. Moderate rates—both plans. Walter J. Busby, Inc.

RELAX IN ATLANTIC CITY

ROTARY MEETS HERE TUESDAY AT 12:30

You'll enjoy the convivial Surf 'n Sand Room, delicious food, sun decks. Rates: \$4 European Plan, \$6 American. Harrison Cook, Res. Mgr.

THE SEASIDE A Boardwalk Hotel
Atlantic City, N. J.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK CITY—PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL, 14 East 28th St. (near Fifth Ave.). Rotarians receive special attention. 1000 rooms with bath from \$2.50. George H. Newton, Mgr.

NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO—O. HENRY. 300 rooms. A modern hotel designed for comfort. Direction Dinkler Hotels. W. J. Black, Mgr. Rates: Eu. \$2.50 up.

OHIO

CINCINNATI—HOTEL GIBSON. Cincinnati's largest. 1000 rooms from \$2.50. Restaurants and some guest rooms air-conditioned. Randall Davis, Gen. Mgr. RM Thurs. 12:15.

GRANVILLE—THE GRANVILLE INN & GOLF COURSE, INC. Ohio's smartest small hotel. Excellent accommodations. Eu. \$2.50 up. 18 hole course. J. R. Young, Mgr.

PENNSYLVANIA

BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

IN PHILADELPHIA

Among the World's First
Half Dozen Hotels

Headquarters: Rotary Club of Phila.
Meetings held Wednesdays, 12:30

CLAUDE H. BENNETT, Gen. Mgr.

TEXAS

AMARILLO—AMARILLO HOTEL. 400 Rooms. Modern. Eu. \$2.50 up. Open Year Round. Fine Food. C. S. Pryor, Manager. RM Thursday, 12:05.

CORPUS CHRISTI—NUECES HOTEL. Excellent Cuisine. In Heart of Business District. Sensible Prices. J. E. Barrett, Manager. Eu. \$2.50 up.

VIRGINIA

RICHMOND—THE JEFFERSON. An unusual hotel—delightful location—reasonable rates—illustrated booklet Historic Richmond gratis. Wm. C. Royer, Mgr.

**They're
Easy to Place—
Sure to Stay—
Simple to Handle—
NATIONAL
CABLE RINGS
Regular and Extra Long**

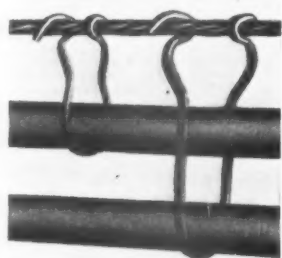


Illustration above shows two cables hung on single strand with National Regular and Extra Long Rings.

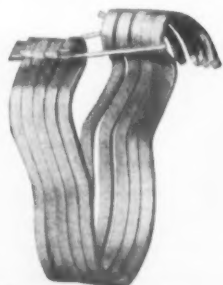
With National Rings you can pull the cable either way to meet job requirement.

You never have to reride the messenger to replace or respace rings. In fact you simplify and speed up the whole job of cable hanging when you use National Regular or Extra Long Cable Rings.

National Rings are easy to place and the "tension grip" holds them rigidly in position. They will not slip along or jump off the messenger. National Extra Long Rings are specially designed for hanging additional cable on the existing strand. This assures a big saving of time and money.

For convenience in handling and to prevent rings hooking together in lineman's pails or cartons, National Rings are gathered in the clever "Handy Five" clusters, illustrated below.

Order National Rings today from your jobber and save time and money on all your ringing jobs.



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guns, and little outposts right on the seashore.

Our womenfolk are knitting and getting ready for the cold Winter for the sailors, soldiers, and airmen. We are looking after refugees, trying to fit them up, finding their husbands or wives, getting police permits to move them about so they are able to join up with one another. Two things are worrying me. Heretofore we have given about 1,500 hampers for Christmas. Now we are in a quandary because of food restrictions, but we are asking Lord Woolton, our Food Minister, to see what he can do for us. If it is not possible to do much, it is our wish to have thousands of Christmas puddings made and given to him so that he can supply them to the very poorest of the communal cooking centers in London. We have for years built up an index of names of these poor people, but today this is of no use to us because many of them have been bombed and evacuated to other spots. This gives you some idea of the difficulties London is going through.

I am going to inaugurate a bomber fund. I hope, with the help of friends all over the world, to present the Government with maybe a squadron, and I am asking everybody who is interested to send a donation. Our slogan will be "Send a rivet or a gun, etc., to the London Club to help build up this squadron." Air Marshal Brooke Popham talked to our Club, and was told, "We must give you at least one bomber."

It will interest you to know that the article by T. A. Warren and myself in the August ROTARIAN [*British Rotary in Wartime*] has brought me many a letter from friends.

Hartwich Poem Famous

Writes QUEENA DAVISON MILLER
Wife of Rotarian
Tacoma, Washington

The little poem *What Shall Endure?*, on which you have asked for information [*Last Page Comment*, November issue], has become famous in many places and countries. My friend Ethelyn Miller Hartwich, who wrote it, is a well-known teacher of poetry writing and is editor of the weekly poetry column entitled *Washington Verse* in the *Tacoma News-Tribune*, in addition to being a very fine poet.

I shall take great pleasure in handing my copy of THE ROTARIAN to her, and hope she will write to you herself and that she will give full information on the poem.

Poem Arrived at 2 A.M.

Says ETHELYN MILLER HARTWICH
Poet and Teacher
Tacoma, Washington

Regarding the history of my little quatrain *What Shall Endure?*, I sometimes wonder whether one should really claim the authorship of those poems which come in the still watches of the night when the subconscious is most active. This little quatrain arrived that way—at 2 o'clock one morning, following a peace meeting in which my imagination had been greatly stirred by

the deep longing of people everywhere to promote permanent peace.

One of the editors of *The World Tomorrow* was later a guest in my home when another guest showed him the quatrain, with the result that he asked for it for the magazine. It appeared there in September, 1930, was promptly quoted by the *Literary Digest* and the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and from then on it has appeared in many places and on one or two occasions has joined the illustrious company of those poems which are requoted until they are credited as "Anonymous!"

Friends frequently write me of seeing it in such places as *The American Federationist*, *The Peace Advocate*, *The Farm Bureau Magazine*; of its being set to music in San Francisco; of its taking the place of a Biblical text in a Seattle sermon; and so on through a long list. Thomas Curtis Clark gave it place in *One Thousand Quotable Poems*.

All this is very gratifying, yet all the while I have a curious little feeling of being merely the channel through which it arrived from some great Otherwhere where universal truths are conceived.

A Request for Help

From MRS. WALTER F. WHEELER
Wife of Rotarian
Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada

I have noticed your aid to a ROTARIAN reader in locating the author of a poem starting "Great roads the Romans built. . . ." I am wondering if any reader can tell me where I can get a recitation in prose called *Jud Browning's Account of Rubinstein's Playing*. I have not been able to find it in any collection and do not know the author.

'To the Edgar A. Guests'

By ARTHUR E. BROWN, *Hon. Rotarian*
Educator
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

After reading Malcolm W. Bingay's *Eddie Guest, Himself!* [September ROTARIAN], I was moved to write—

TO THE EDGAR A. GUESTS

To Nell, you, Janet, and Bud—
To neighbors and friends, *just* The Guests—
For songs that lift, sweeten, and flood
Our hearts with joy, we give our best:
The best of love, the best of cheer,
The best of all that hearts hold dear.

Work Your Way? I'm Doing It!

Writes CARL W. W. SORENSON
College Senior
Brookings, South Dakota

Both articles on *Work Your Way Through College?*, the debate-of-the-month in THE ROTARIAN for August, are interesting, but I agree with Dr. Steele, of South Dakota, who presents the affirmative case. However, I'd like to inject a student's point of view into the discussion.

I'm one of the thousands who are working their way, and I consider that work a major part of my education; in fact, I get more from it than from many of the courses I am obliged to take. At the risk of speaking quite personally, let me tell my story—to make my point.

A farm boy I was (and still am) and I have a father who favors higher education, but be- [Continued on page 55]

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THE ROTARIAN Magazine is indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*

Published monthly by Rotary International. **President:** ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA, São Paulo, Brazil; **Secretary:** CHESLEY R. PERRY, Chicago, U.S.A.; and **Treas.**: RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago, U.S.A.
Magazine Committee Members: STANLEY C. FORBES (Chairman), Brantford, Ont., Canada; RICHARD R. CURRIE, Johannesburg, South Africa; CLINTON F. KARSTADT, Beloit, Wis., U.S.A.; C. SANCHEZ MEJORADA, Pachuca, Mexico; J. RAYMOND TIFFANY, Hoboken, N. J., U.S.A.

Subscription Rates: \$1.50 the year in U. S., Canada, and other countries, to which minimum postal rate applies; \$2.00 elsewhere; single copies 25c. REVISTA ROTARIA (Spanish edition), \$1.25.

As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles on Rotary International. Otherwise, no responsibility is assumed for statements of authors. Any use of fictionalized names that correspond to names of actual persons is unintentional and is to be regarded as a coincidence. No responsibility is assumed for return of unsolicited manuscripts. THE ROTARIAN is registered in the United States Patent Office. The contents are copyrighted, 1941, by Rotary International.

Entered as second-class matter Dec. 30, 1918, at the Post Office, Chicago, Ill.; act of March 3, 1879.

At the Head Table

We have a galaxy of headliners this month. Some of our guests we shall introduce as they speak to you, but we know you are curious about this gentleman. He is ALLISON WARE, First Vice-President of Rotary International; and his friends from Chico, California, where he practices law, will tell you that his profile is so like that of Abraham Lincoln that Hollywood has tried to get him in movies for the rôle of the Great Emancipator. They will also tell you that in character and deeds VICE-PRESIDENT WARE also emulates "Honest Abe."

Kaufman-Fabry



Ware

Chicago's gift from the Sunflower



McDermott

State is WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT, who combines newspaper work, social service, and religious instruction. He is a horrible example of what a teacher's advice will do to a boy, for he was warned by two professors that he should never write. That he did not follow this professional warning is the reading public's gain. Neither professor has yet written for these columns.

Both R. E. VERNOR and LEWIS A. HIRD are active in Rotary work, the former as alternate Vocational Service member of the Aims and Objects Committee; the latter as Chairman of both the Finance Committee and the Rotary Relief Fund Committee of Rotary International. Both of them exemplify the ideals for which they speak. ROTARIAN HIRD has served his vocation as chairman of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers and ROTARIAN VERNOR, active as speaker and author on fire prevention, is serving on the committee of his trade association at present engaged in writing a code of fair practice.

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EDITORIAL AND BUSINESS OFFICES: 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.
Eastern Advertising Office: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York. **Cable Address:** Interotary, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



'Mrs. Feeley'

Winner of first prize in the Human-Interest Division of this magazine's Fifth Photo Contest is this picture by Jack Richards, Denver, Colorado. Commenting upon it, the judges remarked that "it has the feeling of a composition by Whistler." On pages 32-33, other winners are shown.

A Practical Fourth Object Project

By Allison Ware

First Vice-President, Rotary International

Calling attention to a new outlet for sentiment and action in developing of goodwill among the Americas.

THE FOURTH WEEK of January is THE ROTARIAN Week—officially inaugurated by our Board of Directors eight years ago. Heretofore it has provided an occasion for taking note of the rôle played in our developing Rotary program by our official Rotary magazine—in *English*. But it is also published in Spanish, and on this Spanish edition, REVISTA ROTARIA, is the emphasis of THE ROTARIAN Week for 1941 to fall.

This is fitting and it is proper.

Just 30 years ago a bevisioned little organization of men calling themselves Rotarians started *The National Rotarian*. Dropping the word "national" as Rotary became international is typical of the way this publication has kept pace with—indeed, frequently has led—our organization. Often during the years someone has suggested that special editions of our official magazine be issued for special geographic, national, or linguistic groups of Rotarians, but it was not until 1933 that this thought was experimentally translated into action.

Then REVISTA ROTARIA made its debut. Rotary had taken firm root in Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking parts of the world, and it was thought that providing our official magazine in an understandable idiom would accelerate Rotary extension there. That expectation has been richly fulfilled. I do not say that the law of cause and effect explains all, but I do say that there is a direct relationship between the fact that whereas there were 209 Rotary Clubs and 5,453 Rotarians in Latin America in 1933, there are now 483 Clubs and 12,100 members.

REVISTA ROTARIA has endeared itself to our Rotary fellows to the South as no other publication could. Practically all of them have subscribed for it, and I suspect that they would start an earthquake that would reverberate throughout the Rotary world

were someone in a hapless moment to suggest that REVISTA ROTARIA be discontinued.

Just as our official magazine in English is patterned to the reading interest of its subscribers, so is our official magazine in Spanish. Many articles of the former are carried over, but they are supplemented with matter of special concern to its Latin-American audience. Thus we have a prime medium for supplying Rotary information not only to our Spanish-reading members, but to Latin-American non-Rotarians as well.

To this point I call particular attention. Our Latin friends have set an excellent example to us of the North; many Clubs are sending REVISTA ROTARIA to schools and libraries and to non-Rotarians. Thus they sow the seed for new members and new Clubs, and enrich the soil of understanding Rotary as the nonpartisan, altruistic organization it is.

Here is where we, readers of Rotary's official magazine in English, can help mightily: Let us as Clubs and as individual Rotarians make available *more* subscriptions to REVISTA ROTARIA for *more* non-Rotarians who are "key men" in Latin America. Simply notify THE ROTARIAN how many of these "Fourth Object subscriptions" you will take (they cost but \$1.25 apiece). If you do not specify the addressee, a Latin-American District Governor will select influential persons to be the recipients, and they will be notified appropriately in your name.

"More Clubs—more friends" is the watchword given us by President Armando de Arruda Pereira, himself from Brazil. Attainment

of that object can be achieved this year on a large scale only in the Western Hemisphere—especially in Latin America. This may, indeed, be the year of destiny to lay a solid foundation for new economic and social relations among the Americas.

Every Rotary Club in the United States and Canada will want to play a part in this. Some already have started Pan-American clubs in schools; others have organized Spanish language classes for adults. Several have arranged for exchange of students between homes in different countries. That is all to the good, but through REVISTA ROTARIA, every Club, large or small, and every Rotarian has an opportunity unique to Rotary. It starts with supplying REVISTA to local students of Spanish and to libraries. It finds its finest expression in "Fourth Object subscriptions"—which not only sow the good seed of Rotary, but with peculiar effectiveness emphasize the values of understanding and goodwill among nations.

AND WHAT a gracious compliment it would be to our esteemed International President Armando were we to underscore his watchword for Rotary by placing, say, 5,000 copies of REVISTA ROTARIA, 12 times a year, in the hands of men of position and affairs in our 20 neighbors to the South!

Here is a big work and a good work. It is a practical way for us to express our abiding faith in Rotary's great Fourth Object—the advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men.



EVEN in normal times newspapers in the leading South American cities carry more foreign news, more prominently displayed, than the average newspaper in North America or even in Europe. Today more than ever before, the people in Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro are preoccupied with international affairs.

"Naturally," an Argentine businessman explained to me recently, "an outsider does not readily understand this. It is because we derive our livelihood from trade with other countries. To you in North America foreign commerce is of secondary importance. Your great markets are domestic. Argentina's markets are not at home. She must sell at least 70 percent of her annual production of meat, corn, and wheat in foreign lands or her people enjoy no prosperity. Every citizen in the country, whether he lives in metropolitan Buenos Aires or the remotest agricultural or stock-raising section on the Pampa, believes—yes, knows—that his welfare is tied up with the rest of the world."

This is the basis of all South American viewpoint, the viewpoint in every country from Panama to Cape Horn. Every person of high or low estate is intensely patriotic, loves his own country more than any other. But whether he is a Colombian banana grower, a Peruvian cotton farmer, a Brazilian coffee producer, or the owner of an Argentine cattle *estancia*, his mind, his thinking, is attuned to

what is taking place beyond his own borders. Any event, any war, or economic upset in Europe or Asia or North America may affect the export of his products. If Australia dumps its wool, or Canada and the United States have short wheat crops, if depression hits England, or, as in the present circumstances, a blockade prevents the ships of Germany, France, and Scandinavia from sailing the seas, some or all of the countries of the Southern republics are directly affected.

Not since the last World War have the South American countries faced such an economic crisis as they do today. Of course, Great Britain is buying large quantities of meat, grain, and oil. She has just placed with Argentine packers the largest single meat order in history, amounting to 100 million dollars. But her blockade against the totalitarian powers has shut off almost every other Old World market. Consequently, Brazilian cotton, which formerly went to Germany; Brazilian and Argentine corn, the principal market for which was in Central Europe; Chilean copper; and Venezuelan chocolate are piling up in home ports, with no customers in prospect. Japan continues to send trade missions to the various countries and maintains an impressive merchant fleet, consisting of fast freighters and crack passenger liners, to both coasts of the continent. But her purchases of staple South American products are almost negligible.

So far, North America has offered no substantial or definite

solution to the difficult economic situation of her neighbors. Yet, paradoxically enough, officials and citizens in every section of the United States, members of women's clubs, chambers of commerce and other business groups, service clubs, educators, and writers are talking about the importance of their country's relationships with the 100 million people of the Other Americas. They point to the fact that all the countries were settled by people seeking the same opportunities denied them in the Old World, and that their descendants have built up in the Western Hemisphere institutions dedicated to the common ideals of freedom and democracy. And they insist that now, as never before, the Americas should stand together and make common cause for the defense and protection of these ideals and institutions.

But unfortunately the people of the United States seem to think that closer relations with their neighbors to the south is principally a matter of sentiment and desire, of good wishes, goodwill, and fine words. They do not seem to realize that the people of the South American countries, like themselves, have to face cold, material considerations, that they must live, that they must eat, wear clothes, and provide for their children, before they can cooperate with their neighbors for the common good. Effective cooperation and the struggle for a common cause cost money and even material sacrifice.

In the past year or two, individuals, groups from different organizations, governmental agents, and representatives have been flocking to South American capitals on missions of friendship and goodwill. They all tell the Chileans and Argentines, the Peruvians and Venezuelans, of the beauty and importance of inter-American solidarity in the face of the tragic world situation. Along with these go manufacturers and industrial promoters in increasing numbers with the hope of selling their products, of establishing branch plants or distributing houses. But seldom do any of them make any effort to promote or suggest ways and means of increasing the sales of South American products in their own country.



By Edward Tomlinson

DEAN of Latin-American commentators, Edward Tomlinson was the first to broadcast a program on the affairs of importance to the Western Hemisphere. To keep abreast of the rapid turn of modern events, he has travelled rapidly—since the first voyages of the Pan-American airlines he has piled up air travel until he is shortly to count his 200,000th mile. Mr. Tomlinson was born in Stockton, Georgia, and was schooled in his home State until he went to the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. His interest, however, has been in the countries which make up the three Americas—North, Central, and South—and his writings and lectures have been directed at general American topics. Since 1922 he has "covered" all Pan American Conferences, has told of them in newspapers and magazines. Author Tomlinson's nomadic life has kept him from marriage, so far at least. He is still eligible—but he's a very busy man.

Can the Americas Live Alone?

Of course it is true that there is plenty of room for more effective cultural relations, for a wider appreciation in each of the countries of the art, literature, music, and social advances in all the others. Indeed, the inability of the majority of citizens in all of them to speak, read, and understand the languages of the others is tragic. It is almost an international calamity.

Among the business and professional classes, as well as among the officials, in practically every South American capital there are a working knowledge and use of English. There is hardly a hotel in any of the leading cities where a traveller from the United States or any other country will not be greeted in his own tongue. The same movies that thrill the crowds on Broadway or in Chicago's "loop," in Minneapolis or Kansas City, play to throngs in Rio de Janeiro, Lima, and Valparaiso.

English is a required subject in many of the schools of the leading South American cities. Only recently I visited schools in Montevideo, Uruguay, and Mendoza, Argentina, where primary students greeted me in my own language. At the Naval Academy in Valparaiso, Chile, I attended a class in higher mathematics which was conducted in English. And yet in the majority of the high schools in the United States the only foreign language offered is French, and in some cases German. And to find a room clerk even in the average New York or Chicago hotel who can speak any but his own language would be almost miraculous.

Yet there ought to be an ever-increasing cultural exchange, and a tightening of the human relations, between the Americas, but the economic and commercial relations are at the moment of even greater importance.

I think the suggestions of a Peruvian businessman, made to

me in Lima recently, are pertinent to the situation. "Some of you North Americans," he said, "still appear to believe that we are merely sentimental Latins, that we spend most of our time writing poetry, attending *fiestas*, or engaging in dramatic revolutions, and that all our business is carried on in colorful market places. On a recent trip to the United States, every time I saw a movie, or a newsreel having to do with South America, there was at least one scene of a rowdy village *fiesta* or a market place with the vendors sitting lazily beside their wares.

"And," he went on, "the newcomers even among your commercial men seem to think that to carry on business with us they must kid us along, entertain us for several days before making any business proposals. Don't forget," he said, "the Spaniards, Portu-


guese, Italians, and other Europeans from

whom so many of us are descended, spent hundreds of years exploring and tramping up and down this continent, and most of North America, looking for gold and precious metals, and all manner of material riches. They were the world's greatest conquerors and horse traders. We have not lost our inheritance. In short, we appreciate art, culture, social cordiality, and inter-American co-operation. But to live we must do business. Nor can we live and do business alone. We wouldn't like it if we could."

Most of these countries are seriously handicapped by the fact that, like North Dakota, where wheat is the great cash crop, and various other States in which prosperity [Continued on page 58]



TEN STEPS UP FROM THE JUNGLE



IN THE YEAR 1794 a young French aristocrat by the magnificent name of Marquis Jean Marie de Condorcet was hiding from the guillotine in a little attic room on the outskirts of Paris. There, far from any friend, lest the coming of a friend should reveal his hiding place, he wrote the most optimistic book ever penned by the hand of man, *Historical Record of Progress of the Human Race*.

Eloquently he described the recent liberation of science from the shackles of superstition, and gloried in the triumphs of Newton. "Given 100 years of liberated knowledge and universal free education," he said, "and all social problems will, at the close of the next century, have been solved. . . There is no limit to progress except the duration of the globe upon which we are placed."

Having completed his little manuscript, Condorcet handed it to his hostess. Then, in the dark of the night, he fled to a distant village inn and flung his tired body upon a bed. When he awoke, he found himself surrounded by the police. Taking from his pocket a vial of poison which he had carried for this culminating chapter of his romance, Condorcet drank it to the last drop and then fell into the arms of his captors, dead.

I have never ceased to marvel that a man so placed—driven to the very last stand of hope, with all his personal sacrifices of aristocratic privilege and fortune gone for nothing, with that great revolution upon which the youth of all Europe had pinned its hopes for a better world issuing in indiscriminate suspicion and terror—should, instead of writing an epic of despondency and gloom, have written a paean to progress.

Never before had man so be-

lieved in mankind, and perhaps never again since.

Search through all ancient Greek and Latin literature, and you will find no affirmatory belief in human progress. Not until the Occident brought into the Orient the virus of—the fever of—progress can you find in any Hindu or Chinese thinker any belief in the notion that man marches forward through the years. It is a relatively new idea for men to have and to hold.

Only within the past century has it become the fashion to say, "Of course, progress is real. Look at all the wealth, unprecedented in history. Look at all the machinery, creating comforts and delights for an increasing number of human beings beyond the conception or possession of even medieval kings."

Nevertheless, in the midst of the wealth and power of the 19th Century, some of the wisest of men raised a question mark over the idea of progress. John Ruskin, for example. He had all the luxuries of his time, and yet he asked, "Is wealth progress if underneath your wealth your hearts are as before?"

William Morris, author of *News from Nowhere*, also was a rich man and fortunate beyond almost any of his time: handsome, healthy, brilliant, sitting on furniture made by his own design and his own workers—reading his own poems printed by his own private press; married to the most beautiful woman in Christendom. Yet he was miserable.

He described how through his study windows he could see, if he rose early enough in the murk of the morning, the supposedly once-merry population of England passing to work in the new factories of the nascent capitalism of the 1830s and '40s. Worse yet, he could see these men carrying children from 6 years old, on their

backs, to leave them at the factories to work 14 to 16 hours a day, and then to go there in the dark of the evening to get them back, or sometimes to leave them there to sleep exhausted at the feet of those new monsters, machines.

"Is industry progress?" Morris asked. "Has it really helped humanity to make all these goods, or is it necessary in order to make these goods for two thirds of us, or one third of us, to enslave the other third of us? Were we wise in passing from fields to factories? Is it possible that men were happier out in the ancient routine of tilling the soil, knowing the miracle of the growth of the seed, and worshiping creation, and, profoundly religious, living an eternal drama not cancelled out by death and dowered with the hope that made every earthly tragedy forgivable?"

TOLSTOY was another rich man. Though living in a Russia barely out of serfdom, he had no envy for the power and wealth and the machinery and the speed and the luxuries of Western Europe. He prophesied, "Before this generation passes away, your power, your wealth, your speed, your machinery, your mathematics, your science, will culminate in the most gigantic destruction that history has ever known."

And Tolstoy it was who, at age 82, left his comfortable family and his silk underwear and fled from his home, seeking a monastery. That has always seemed almost symbolic to me, for he died on the way, at a little railroad station, as if the science that he hated so much had caught him before he could reach the religion that he was longing for.

For 300 years we have sold our souls to Francis Bacon's motto, "Knowledge is power," and I, too, guilty among the rest, thought

that there was salvation for mankind in increasing knowledge. But while knowledge grew from more to more—more of wisdom did not dwell in us, nor of reverence, and in 1914, again in 1939, that three-century-old motto exploded in our faces. We found that though "knowledge is power," it is not liberty; it is not justice; it is not beauty; it is not wisdom; it is not kindliness; it is not hope!

The greatest discovery of the 20th Century is this: "*Knowledge is neutral.*" Science can destroy for us more rapidly than it can build; it can kill for us more vastly than it ever can heal.

An increase in mechanisms is not necessarily progress. Consider the radio—a wonderful thing. It can bring us beautiful music and it can bring to our children the most corrosive murder sketches. Like all our inventions, it is an instrument for good and for evil. The question of progress depends upon whether we use them more for good than for evil, and that depends upon whether or not our desires are better than they used to be.

Science is but a committee on ways and means, and it is always reporting progress, but the human heart is the committee on resolutions and platforms. It decides what we shall want to do with these tremendous instrumentalities, and it is always humbly reporting that it is deadlocked and that it has the same basic desires it had 10,000 years ago, and 50,000 years ago.

SO, we ask ourselves, is what we have called progress *real*? That is the most terrible question in modern philosophy. I would rather know the answer to it than know the answer to any other question in the world. For we in modern times have built our civilization on two ideas—self-government, democracy, progress. Both of those ideas are subpoenaed today before the judgment seat of history, to show cause why men should any longer believe in them. If they are both taken from us, we shall be left intellectually latent beyond any generation in the history of the race.

It takes a strong heart to know history and keep its courage. Nothing is certain in life except

death, nothing is certain in history except decadence.

Egyptians built out of the mud of the Nile the most powerful and lasting civilization of antiquity. At Cairo they raised those pyramids they called "houses of eternity," in which they hoped to preserve forever the incomparable flesh of their priests and their kings.

How they longed for deathlessness! And yet, when you go there today, travelling thousands of dusty, weary miles and face those pyramids, what do you find? Bleak pyres of stone long since denuded of the marble casing that gave them some measure of beauty. As you look at them, you see the sands swirling up out of the desert, around them; you hear the guides say that the Government has to spend considerable money to cart away that sand, lest it should cover the pyramids as once it covered the Sphinx.

Go to ancient Greece and see them building the Parthenon, with what simplicity and self-restraint, not seeking size as we do, but perfection. See Phidias carving for nine years with his aids

the figures that were to make the glory of the Parthenon, figures of men so handsome and noble that anyone looking at them could not help becoming better for having seen them. There for many generations that perfect little temple stood on that Acropolis gladdening the hearts of all who came to see it, making them feel that for a moment men had been like gods.

AND then a war came! And the Turks held Athens and used the Parthenon as a magazine for their powder. And the Venetians as well as the Turks sent their gunboats into the harbor at the Piraeus, and those gunners aiming with science, knowledge, mathematics, found the Parthenon and destroyed it. When you climb that sacred hill today to lay your own little tribute on that ancient altar of beauty and of reason, dedicated to Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, you don't find it there as a paean of youth. Eighty percent of the Parthenon lies under your feet, in a hundred million fragments, shining white Pentelic stone.

Another civilization has risen—possessing science far more complex than the Greeks', making music apparently far profounder than that of antiquity, rearing cathedrals lovelier, I think, even than the Parthenon.

Will the vast industrialism, upon which it is based, collapse through the incapacity of its own genius to manage the wheels that it has invented? Will it go on creating unprecedented wealth for the clever among us, and leaving a large number of us so buried in poverty and hopelessness that they will rise in their righteous ignorance and destroy us?

If they do, they will not nationalize wealth, they will only destroy it—dissipate it. For wealth is not a thing nor an accumulation of things. It is a delicate organization of genius, ability, management, materials, and muscle, muscle being only one small element in that complex relationship. It is an organization of all these elements for the production of things. If any revolution destroyed it for even ten years, our cities would begin to starve, as the cities in Italy were starving in 1921; as the cities of ancient Italy starved in

By *Will Durant*



Veritable "whetstone to the modern mind" is the author—of French-Canadian ancestry, now 55, whose *Story of Philosophy* still excites readers.

How shall man hold the citadel of his spirit in dark days?

. . . Dr. Durant continues here the "We Face a Poorer World" series, elaborating on the theme of the Rotary Institutes of Understanding (see page 42). Articles from Walter B. Pitkin, Arthur H. Compton, Robert G. Sproul, have already appeared; more will follow in issues ahead.

the terrific class war that lasted from A.D. 180 to A.D. 284, over 100 years, destroying every city except Rome. I see cities dying for lack of food. Men rushing out from cities to plant seed and make things grow out of the earth and feed themselves feverishly—ruralizing themselves as men did at the beginning of the Middle Ages.

Possibly this whole glorious, powerful, ruthless industrial civilization might end in such a revolution or a collapse; it might come in ten years, in Europe, if the present war goes on. Then men, back on the soil, would abandon the science that had made and broken them, that had given them every wealth and taken from them every hope, and they would fly back hungrily, either to the ancient ways or to some new one, probably not quite so beautiful, and would believe again, and hope again, and be able to bear with the help of a Divine drama the slings and arrows of outrageous life.

So the whole business may end . . . like Tolstoy on the way to a monastery!

FANTASTIC? Listen to the greatest philosopher of the 20th Century, Oswald Spengler, in the greatest book of the 20th Century, *The Decline of the West*, saying to all Europe, and to America, too:

"You are dying. I see in you all the characteristic stigma of decay. I can prove to you that your great wealth and your great poverty, your capitalism and your socialism, your wars and your revolutions, your atheism and your pessimism and your cynicism, your immorality, your broken-down marriages, your birth control, that is bleeding you from the bottom and killing you off at the top and in the brains—I can prove to you," he goes on, "that those were characteristic marks of the dying ages of ancient States—Alexandria and Greece and neurotic Rome."

That, readers, is the case against progress. I have stated it at length because I feel a moral obligation to pronounce as vigorously as the enemy could the idea which I propose to reject. And yet "reject" is not quite the word. I do not intend to refute the pessimist. I do not believe in refutations. I

want to find some larger sight and vision, which will have room for all these shadows.

Suppose I say that the history of Germany and France in the last 300 years was as follows: That in 1648 France took Alsace-Lorraine from Germany; that in 1871 Germany took it from France; that in



1918 France took it from Germany; that in 1940 Germany took it from France; and so on.

You would stop me. You would say, "You fool; you have left out the *real* history of France and Germany. You said nothing about Dürer, Goethe, and Holbein, nor Luther, Lessing, Schiller, Herder, Heine, Beethoven, and Kant, nor Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Wagner. You've said nothing about all those castles and cathedrals that make the Rhine almost a gallery of art. And as for France, you said nothing about Rabelais and Montaigne, Nicolas Poussin, Lorraine, Voltaire, Diderot, Hugo, Balzac, Flaubert, Anatole France, and the cathedrals of Chartres and Rheims. You said nothing about the *real* history of France."

You would be right. Now, if you will apply that same distinction to all history, you begin to see how it is still possible to believe in progress. Why? Because a State is only an instrument of social organization, to enable us to survive infancy, so that some of us may grow up, and out of 100,000 of us one may make contributions to civilization. Out of 1,000 such contributions one or two or ten or 20 may remain uninjured even in the darkest interludes between one State and the next, and bit by bit accumulate, each added to those that went before, and widen and deepen and raise the pedestal upon which man lives.

But are there any contributions made to civilization which, once made, have not been destroyed,

which have lasted through all the vicissitudes of States and wars and politics and history, and which have been added to each other so that we are born any better than were our forbears?

There are. Compare, for example, the world into which I was born with the world into which, let us say, Abélard was born. In his world there was no printing, and books were precious. Today all the mental, moral, spiritual, and technical heritage of mankind is gathered for us in almost every city in these marvellous things called libraries and museums. Think of it! A sort of eternal city lives in them. Simply by opening a book or sitting quietly before a statue or a painting we enter into that kind of "city of God," if I may enlarge Augustine's phrase, in which all the geniuses whom humanity has thought worth to preserve are still alive, waiting for us, ready to come, be with us, give us their best. It is an incredible thing!

I suggest that the *real* history of man is found in ten steps upward—which, once taken, were never lost, and which were added each to those that went before.

The first was: *The Coming of Speech*. Without those queer noises called words, man could never have become man, nor woman woman, nor writers writers.

THE GREATEST invention ever made was the common noun. I picture some primitive crank squatting in a cave or clinging into the crotch of a tree and cracking his brain to find some symbol that should mean "all men"—something he had never seen. Finally he invented the word "man," meaning every man. And "light" that should mean every light that ever shone on land or sea. And, lo!, thought became possible. Man began to be.

The second step: *The Conquest of the Animal*. You can't remember when man was hunted as well as hunter. For thousands of years man fought with beasts the greatest of all wars, for the mastery of the planet. Then he transmitted across thousands of generations to us—ingrates—the fruits of his victory, our security on the earth from every beast except man.

And the third step: *The Conquest of Fire and Light*. Fire made man independent of climate; light made him almost master of the night, almost fearless of the dark. If you wish to measure the distance that man has come, read Fraser's *The Golden Bough*, the life of primitive man. Then look at your children—freer from fear than is, perhaps, good for them.

The fourth event in the real history of man was: *The Coming of Agriculture*. Probably woman, left behind by her hunter husband to take care of the hut or the cave, had seen the bountiful accident of the wind scattering seed and edible things rising, and she imitated the wind and strewed the soil and a new basis of life appeared. She begged man to come and plant things in the earth instead of killing. It took thousands of years to woo him from that ancient savagery, but when at last that transition was made, civilization began.

THE fifth event in human history: *The Coming of Social Organization*. It means nothing to us, for men on earth were organized before we came. How did it begin? Let me give two moving pictures.

Here are two men disputing: One strikes the other and kills him. Then he says to himself, "I must have been right, for I'm alive." It's a mode of demonstration still accepted in international disputes. Then here are two other men disputing. One says to the other, "Let us not fight—we may both be killed." Then one says to the other, "Let us submit our dispute to some elder of the tribe and accept his decision." When the other said, "Yes," civilization had another of its great beginnings, set another of its roots—law, order, judgment, instead of brutality and violence.

The sixth step is: *The Coming of Morality*. It was taken when for the first time a man strong enough to knock his enemy down said, "I mustn't do it—it would be shameful." Acquiring a sense of right and wrong doubtless was one of the most tremendous events in human history, though I have never found anything about it in the pages of the historians. Some cynic will tell me that even yet I

can hardly name any case of a man strong enough to knock his enemy down and not doing it in some way, and I offer him 50 million examples. Men used to be strong enough to knock women down; they used to do it. They don't do it anymore.

We like to think nowadays that we are very immoral, and in some ways doubtless we are, because old codes are breaking down under the hammers of city life that offers every discouragement to marriage and parentage. But that's an interlude. A new code is being built by trial and error and will give us again some measure of stability and decency, I think.

When I look at the whole gamut of human development, it seems to me I see moral advance in almost every sphere—even in war. The ancient Greeks used to fight at the drop of a hat, and the Romans used to fight morning, noon, and night—and just took it for granted. The military age of service in ancient Athens was from 16 to 60. We have bigger wars than ever before, but they are not so lasting. When you read history, you pass from one battle to another, but there were interludes of peace, just as between the present world war and the last. The



normal course of human life is pacific. Histories are like your newspaper's front page. Every day they make you think half the world is killing the other half, and the rest of the people are committing suicide or getting divorced. Then you go out in the street and you find human decency, human kindness, a certain amount of order, friendliness, comradery,

family love, parental love, creation, art, and beauty of all sorts.

Even in law we see moral progress. Once there were thousands of crimes for which a man was punished by death. Now we debate whether we shall keep capital punishment even for murderers, and our prisons which were once dens of horror have become vacation resorts for tired criminals between acts. Once we used to eat one another. Then our tastes or our morals improved and we ate animals, and now we eat prunes and corn flakes.

STEP SEVEN is: *The Development of the Esthetic Sense*. I think surely there was not always in the world the refinement and delicacy and the subtlety and the sense of beauty that exist in the world today. This deserves discussion, but let us pass on to the eighth event:

The Development of Science. Here has been progress. I'm not thinking of science now in terms of the knowledge that it brings. I am thinking of the possible knowledge that it might bring of ourselves in the future, but more particularly I am thinking in terms of the courage that it means.

Consider man's dream of flying. The story of Daedalus and Icarus goes back 1,200 years before Christ. Though Icarus was drowned, his dream survived. On the wings of man it goes on, while men come and go. Scratched on the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, so beautiful that you must lose your breath in seeing them, you find words like this: "I must study the mechanism of the wings of the bat, and on that model I must make my machine." And on another drawing these marvellous words that might be the motto of aviators forever: "*Erunt Alae*"—"There shall be wings!"

The dream went on. Tolstoy, when he was 8 years old, said to his mother, "Mother, when are we going to fly?" She said to him, "Oh, be sensible." Next morning, when all the sensible people in the house were asleep, young Tolstoy arose and stood on the ledge of a second-story window and leaped out into the air, and flapped his little hands. He tried to fly, with the imagination that makes and breaks [Continued on page 56]

3. **THE CASE OF THE SILENT PARTNER**, by *E. S. Gardner*. Perry and Della in their best form.

4. **WHERE THERE'S A WILL**, by *Rex Stout*. Beer and milk as brain tonics.

5. **SAD CYPRESS**, by *Agatha Christie*. Don't forget to see Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans in *Twelfth Night*.

6. **ACCOUNT RENDERED**, by *Patricia Wentworth*. The reliable Patricia.

7. **BLUE MASK STRIKES AGAIN**, by *Anthony Morton*. A steady succession of thrills.

8. **DEATH OF A PEER**, by *Ngaio Marsh*. A book whose continuous excitement is combined with exquisite art.

9. **MURDER IN THE MIST**, by *Zelda Popkin*. Curious instrument for murder.

10. **THE GREAT MISTAKE**, by *Mary Roberts Rinehart*. She knows how to tell a story from anything else.

Theater

1. **TWELFTH NIGHT**. Impeccable production: Helen Hayes, Maurice Evans, etc.

2. **THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT**. By far the best new drama of the year.

3. **LIFE WITH FATHER**. Running to capacity in New York, Chicago, Boston.

4. **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER**. Side-splitting farce comedy.

5. **THE MALE ANIMAL**. A comedy with implications.

6. **TWO ON AN ISLAND**. It de-

Photo: The Baker's Wife, Inc.



served a longer run than 96 performances.

7. **LADIES IN RETIREMENT**. Sinister and solemn murder play; unforgettable.

8. **HAMLET**. Mr. Evans's four-hour uncut magnificent production.

9. **KING RICHARD II**. Margaret Webster directed the three Shakespeare plays mentioned in this list.

10. **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE**. Potentially fine play with promise of better to come.

NOTE. The season of 1939-40 and the Autumn of 1940 were not remarkable for many fine new plays. I recommend all who are interested in the theater to get Burns Mantle's *The Best Plays of 1939-1940*. His annual volumes are indispensable. The entire history of the theater in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Southern California, is given with scrupulous accuracy.

Motion Pictures

1. **THE GREAT DICTATOR**. This is the best picture I saw in 1940. I saw it twice within one week; it seemed good the first time, and twice as good the second time.

2. **THE BAKER'S WIFE**. French picture, deeply affecting, marvelous acting.

3. **HARVEST**. Another French picture: admirable, though not quite so good as *The Baker's Wife*.

4. **PINOCCHIO**. Walt Disney is a genius. Everything he does is original and captivating.

5. **ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS**. The picture is even better and more impressive than the play, and both are very fine.

6. **KIT CARSON**. Tremendous and continuous excitement; and everyone should see it to learn American history.

7. **REBECCA**. The successful novel made into a successful picture; and the latter is even more interesting.

8. **FOREIGN AGENT**. Good all the way through.

9. **NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE**. I found no letup in the excite-

ment. The technicolor is fine.

10. **PROFESSOR, BEWARE!** I wish that Harold Lloyd would put out a new moving picture every month.

* * *

Ink on My Hands, by Clayton Rand, a member of the Rotary Club of Gulfport, Mississippi, is an autobiography so diverting, so high spirited, so full of humor, modesty, commonsense, and other excellent ingredients, that I recommend it confidently. Once more it proves that America is the land of opportunity; it shows what courage, energy, and perseverance may accomplish.

It is interesting also to observe that if Mr. Rand had been cursed with a different temperament, this book might have been filled with bitterness, venom, irony, pessimism. He suffered terrific hardships all the way through boyhood, youth, and for years afterward. Instead of getting a new deal, he got a raw deal, but played his hand so well that he became and is a man of influence. This book cannot be called *From Rags to Riches*, for he is not rich in money, although very rich in experience. He "worked his way" through Harvard and came within a hair of not graduating because the dean told him his compositions had split infinitives, and a Harvard man with split infinitives—never! He walked out in utter dejection, but looking at one of the gates of the College Yard he saw cut in the stone this line—

Photo: Vandamm



LEFT: Raimu, a French actor, as he appeared in *The Baker's Wife*—one of ten motion pictures listed here as Phelps favorites.

RIGHT: Maurice Evans in the Shakespearean comedy *Twelfth Night*. It heads the column of "Billy" Phelps' theater choices.

Depart to better serve thy country and thy kind. He went back, got the dean to look on this inscription, and the dean said, "Well, I'll be damned!" and Rand got his degree.

I have a Yale story to match this. When Lee McClung was treasurer of Yale, he got an irate letter from an alumnus complaining that his treasurer's report had split infinitives and was therefore a disgrace to Yale. McClung came to me in distress and bewilderment. He did not know what a split infinitive was, and asked me how to answer his accuser. I told him, "You write this alumnus that the Yale treasury is so low in funds and is in such need of help from the alumni that the treasurer now has to go out in the yard and split infinitives for a living."

As editor of a newspaper in a small town in the South, Mr. Rand has learned a good deal about human nature. He comments on the happiness of the Negro as follows:

The average white American seeks his happiness in a sense of security. The Negro, innately happy, has written off the future as a total loss, and he accepts the assets of the day as something to be untinctured with worry. Relaxation is congenital with him; as soon as a Negro begins to worry he falls asleep.

I like what Mr. Rand says about the freedom of the press; now, more than ever, the minority have

nothing left except the right to express opposition when they feel its necessity. This is what Mr. Rand said when in the South his paper attacked the Klan:

There can be no democracy without freedom, and freedom is the offspring of eternal vigilance. Under our Constitution, the press is committed to a responsibility, surpassing that of any other profession to keep America free. The exacting price of liberty is to fight as hard for its preservation as our forefathers fought for its purchase. As long as editors can print truth, the people will be able to pray, preach, and petition, in keeping with conscience. Freedom is the perennial birthright of the American people, and the country is safe only as long as scribes refuse to kowtow to caste, clan, or party and cherish their right to "cuss" out the government. The day that the freedom of the press is destroyed, we shall have substituted some other kind of tyranny for our democracy.

The diverting illustrations are by Sidney Engelberg, and there is an admirable preface by William Allen White, a member of the Rotary Club of Emporia, Kansas.

* * *

Here comes a volume of verse from Kingman, Arizona. The author and the publisher are both Past Presidents of the Kingman Rotary Club. The author is John Girdler and the publisher is M. O. Ream and the book is called *Gray Sand*. I have read every word and I am certain many others will share my enjoyment and so will the author and publisher if others will buy it. Some of these verses are true poetry and are meant to be; others are full of humor and are meant to be; others are ironical, etc. I mean Mr. Girdler has very unusual ability in the art of rhythmical expression. It is a good book to read aloud.

* * *

Many Rotarians collect stamps, but I wonder how many of them are familiar with the United States waterway packetmarks. In the days before (and after) the Civil War an enormous number of travellers which also carried huge masses of freight; on the Mississippi and other big rivers they also carried an immense amount of mail. I recommend to all interested in stamp collecting a remarkable new book by Eugene Klein, called *United States Waterway Packetmarks, 1832-1899*, A

Phase of American Postal History. There are 602 illustrations! There are blank pages for additions in MSS by collectors. This is an extraordinary book and comes into the dense darkness of my ignorance with genial illumination. As a boy, Mr. Klein lived on the banks of the Danube, read *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, became excited over the Mississippi, and saw it first in 1915.

This volume is a result of extensive research. I knew nothing whatever about these packetmarks; but this book is not only thrilling to stamp collectors—it is also an addition to our knowledge of American history. My advice to every stamp collector is to buy it immediately. Only 500 numbered copies have been printed; it is published by the J. W. Stowell Printing Company, of Federalsburg, Maryland. The price is just what it ought to be—\$6.

I congratulate the author, who is a member of the Rotary Club of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the completion of a tremendous piece of research.

* * *

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:

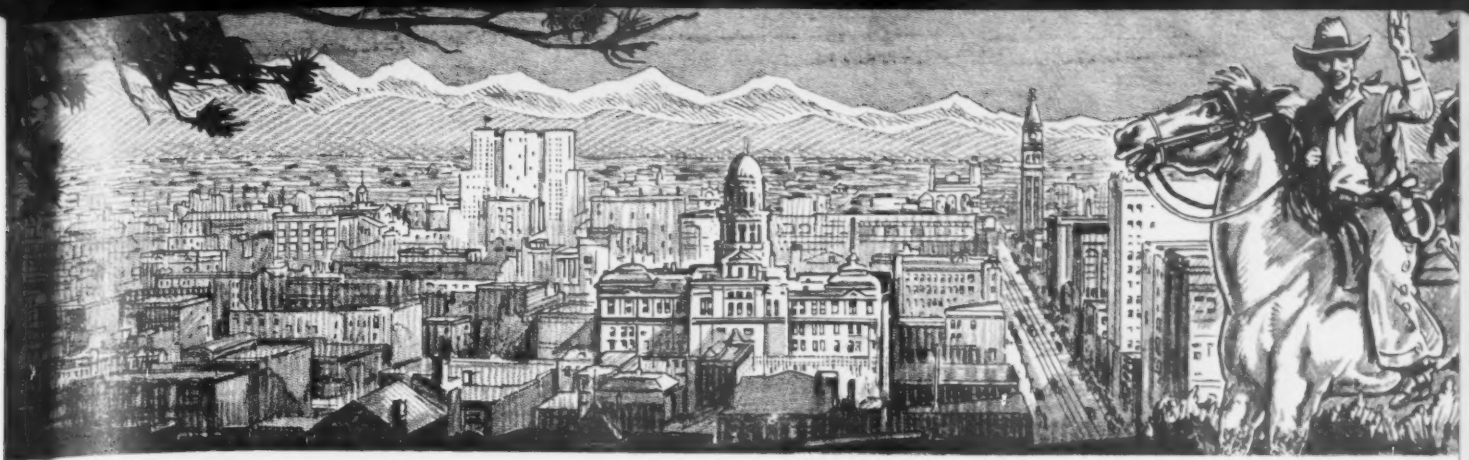
The Fire and the Wood. R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.—*How Green Was My Valley*. Richard Llewellyn. Macmillan. \$2.75.—*Landfall*. Nevil Shute. Morrow. \$2.50.—*Bethel Merriday*. Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.—*Mrs. Miniver*. Jan Struther. Harcourt-Brace. \$2.—*Trees of Heaven*. Jesse Stuart. Dutton. \$2.50.—*Mr. Skeffington*. Elizabeth. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.—*Miss Ravenel's Conversion*. J. W. De Forest. Harper. \$2.50.—*The Beloved Returns*. Thomas Mann. Knopf. \$2.50.—*Swift Flows the River*. Nard Jones. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50.—*Sons of Sinbad*. Alan Villiers. Scribner's. \$3.75.

Statesmen of the Lost Cause. B. J. Hendrick. Little, Brown. \$3.75.—*Doctor at Timberline*. Charles Fox Gardiner. Caxton Press. \$3.—*I Married Adventure*. Osa Johnson. Lippincott. \$3.50.—*New England: Indian Summer*. Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. \$3.75.—*Big River to Cross*. B. L. Burman. John Day. \$3.—*George Washington*. W. H. Dunn and N. W. Stephenson. Oxford Press. \$10.—*Audubon's America*. Edited by Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton-Mifflin. \$6.—*Empire of the Seven Seas*. James Truslow Adams. Scribner's. \$3.50.—*I Speak for Myself*. E. F. Edgett. Macmillan. \$3.50.—*Inquest*. Percival Wilde. Random House. \$2.—*The French Key*. Frank Gruber. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.—*The Case of the Silent Partner*. E. S. Gardner. Morrow. \$2.—*Where There's a Will*. Rex Stout. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.—*Sad Cypress*. Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. \$2.—*Account Rendered*. Patricia Wentworth. Lippincott. \$2.—*Blue Mask Strikes Again*. Anthony Morton. Lippincott. \$2.—*Death of a Peer*. Ngaio Marsh. Little, Brown. \$2.—*Murder in the Mist*. Zella Popkin. Lippincott. \$2.—*The Great Mistake*. Mary Roberts Rinehart. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.—*Ink on My Hands*. Clayton Rand. Carrick & Evans. \$3.—*Gray Sand*. John Girdler. M. O. Ream, Kingman, Ariz.—*United States Waterway Packetmarks, 1832-99*. Eugene Klein. J. W. Stowell Printing Co., Federalsburg, Md. \$6.—*The Best Plays of 1939-40*. Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead. \$3.

FOR its "continuous excitement" and history lesson, William Lyon Phelps places *Kit Carson* in his ten-best movie list. Jon Hall is seen here in the title rôle.



Photo: United Artists



Come Up to Denver

IN 1941, from June 15 to 20, Denver, Colorado, once again will extend her cordial hospitality to those who attend Rotary's 32nd annual Convention. Denver was host to nearly 9,000 Rotarians and their ladies in 1926, when the 17th annual Convention of Rotary International was held in that city. Now, in 1941, the Rotary Club of Denver and the 45 other Rotary Clubs in Colorado are striving to surpass the unusually colorful and successful Convention of 15 years ago.

The grandeur of its snow-capped mountains, the scenic beauty of its majestic forests and gemlike lakes, its roaring mountain streams, all combine to give Colorado fame as a glorious wonderland of the American Rockies.

Against this magnificent natural background, the Rotary Club of Denver and the Convention Committee of Rotary International are planning a program of inspiration, fellowship, and entertainment which will be another great adventure in understanding and goodwill.

I realize the serious responsibilities which Rotarians, as individual citizens, have in these times, and that it will be difficult for many Rotarians from outside the Americas to attend the Denver Convention. However, I strongly urge all Rotarians to make a special effort to do so. There was never a greater need or a greater opportunity for the achievement of the program of Rotary. Let us gather together in Denver with the firm conviction that by our rededication to the principles for which Rotary stands and through our Convention contacts and discussions, we shall receive the impetus and the direction which will make us better

able to meet the changed conditions in our respective countries, whatever they may be.

It is my duty and pleasure to issue this, the Official Call for the 32nd annual Convention of Rotary International, to be held June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20, 1941, in Denver, Colorado, U. S. A.

According to its membership, each Rotary Club is entitled to one or more official voting delegates. As a Rotarian is expected to attend Club meetings, so Clubs are expected to be represented at the annual Convention. Article VI of the By-Laws of Rotary International gives full information as to the rights and responsibilities of a Club with reference to the annual Convention, and Article VIII gives information about hotel arrangements.

I URGE YOU, my fellow Rotarians, to come to Denver in June with your families, not only to enjoy the beauty of the Host City and the Host State and to thrill to the gracious hospitality of the Denver Rotary Club, but to contribute, each in his own way, to the fellowship and goodwill which will make our 1941 Convention outstanding in the history of Rotary. Let us not lose this happy opportunity for making "more friends."

A. de A. Torrita.

ARMANDO DE ARRUDA PEREIRA
President, Rotary International

ISSUED THIS FIRST DAY OF
JANUARY, 1941, A.D., AT
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.





Wayne.

A Boy and a Girl

-and How They Grew Up



Geraldine

THIS IS THE STORY of Wayne and Geraldine. It tells what a farm boy and a small-town girl can do with a chance. Normal youngsters, they wanted to count, to be useful, to *do* something with their boiling energies. They found out how in 4-H, that bustling movement of the countryside whose 80,000 clubs are giving 1½ million other Waynes and Geraldines (from 10 to 21) the same chance—to put head, heart, hands, and health, the four H's, to work.

Wayne's full name is Wayne L. Good. His home is the John Good farm near McCune, Kansas. The law says

Wayne is a man. He's just 21. The law is more right than it knows. Since that day nine years ago when he picked the four-leaf clover of 4-H as his emblem, Wayne has raised and sold \$4,385 worth of beef, corn, poultry, hogs, and horses. That's Wayne the businessman. There's Wayne the leader, the informed and active citizen, too. But there's more about him a bit further on in our story. Let's skip now to Geraldine.

Geraldine's family name is deLancey. She lives in Corvallis, Oregon, and is 18. She came by her comeliness naturally, but she got her astonishing knowledge of cookery, canning, sewing, room decoration, and gardening through seven very busy years in 4-H. And she is a *businesswoman*—having made for sale or for home use about \$2,000 worth of products. On them she has won \$800 in prize money. Geraldine's a leader, too, with a special knack for or-

ganizing. And it's doubtful if Corvallis has a busier, more community-conscious young woman than she.

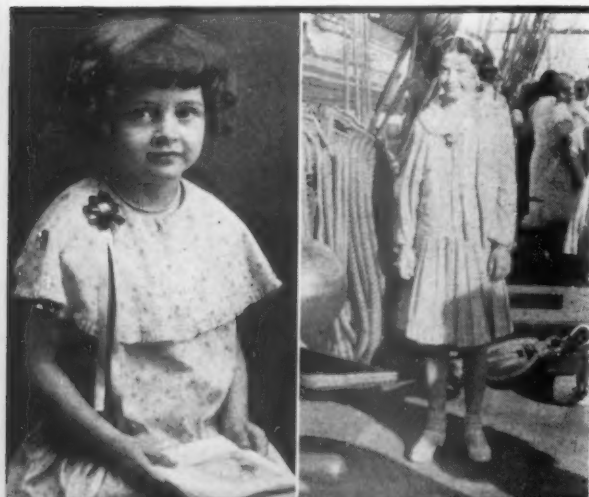
Honors are not new to these two. Both have won scores of prize ribbons and heaps of press notices. But their hats still fit—even now after their crowning triumph. Wayne and Geraldine were announced on November 30 as the first-place winners in 4-H's national leadership contest for 1940. Each received a trip to Chicago, a trophy, and a \$300 scholarship.

Rotary Clubs have given many such boys and girls a start, lending them cash for "projects," sending them to fairs and 4-H roundups. Last Spring the Indiana Rotary Districts, at their own expense, brought 146 adult 4-H leaders together with farm experts from Purdue University for conferences. That's typical. Four-H counts Rotary a helping friend in at least 200 communities—maybe more.

But now let's get back to Wayne and Geraldine. The photos will carry on with the story. Chivalrously, they will start with the lady.

AS GIRLS will, Geraldine shot from the chubby-cheeked charm of 6 to the long-waisted awkwardness of 11 (far left and left). It was at this latter age, her social instincts maturing, that she joined a 4-H Club.

First, she wanted to learn to sew. She did—so well that she has since taught many another 4-H girl the art. You see her (below left) enlivening some Red Cross sewing her club undertook... Below she is mothering a Sunday nursery school she headed. It serves all local churches.





THE 4-H muffin class meets with "Professor Geraldine." Seven years of 4-H cookery qualify her to teach tyro cooks—or veterans. . . . Below, she is preaching kitchen cleanliness, testing a dirty dishcloth for bacteria.



TURNING woodswoman, Geraldine digs out some forest fern with which to beautify a grange hall Corvallis 4-H-ers landscaped. A conservationist, she takes the plant from a thicket soon to be cleared for a road. . . . Below, she and her 4-H teammate, Hildegard Schoeler, present their prize culinary demonstration. Corvallis Rotarians saw it once—and marvelled.



HER DRESS (left) might have come from a Fifth Avenue shop, but it didn't. Geraldine made it herself—and has won a trophy and several ribbons on it. Four-H is doing much to dress rural American youth neatly.

FELLOWSHIP? Geraldine finds the best in 4-H—as the Sunday-afternoon snapshot below suggests. Picnics, trips, and projects, too, all develop it.





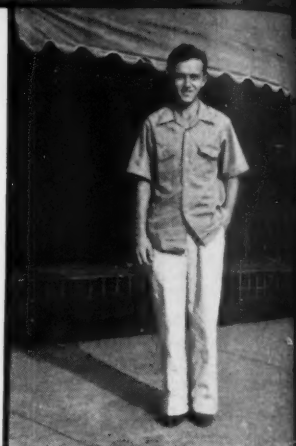
GERALDINE helps pick and can a surplus bean crop for the community chest . . . shows a few of her ribbons . . . and sets off with Hildegard on a trip to Cleveland which they won as expert poultry cooks.



-And Now for Wayne

WAYNE is a farm boy, born and bred—and proud of it. He was only 13 when he brought to his family acres the 4-H doctrine of good stock—in the shape of a registered beef calf for which he had borrowed the money. The calf grew fat, made Wayne a profit—and now John Good & Son have 35 head of prime cattle, no scrubs. But besides his high record as an all-round

farmer, Wayne has become an all-round man. He's healthy, he sings, gives piano lessons in spare moments, has a flair for dramatics, is a veteran public speaker, and is now a 4-H Club leader. Like Geraldine, he has a way of sparking youngsters into action, and, like her again, he is now in college. He's applying a scholarship he won offered by Kansas Senator Arthur Capper.



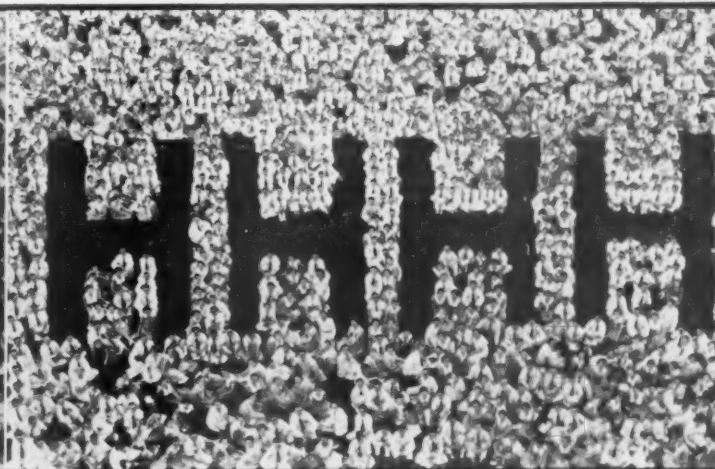
"T WAS a great day for Wayne back there in 1932 when he led this 4-H beef calf into the yard, for "Dad got interested" and the two began to raise big fellows like those Wayne guards below. His favorite poem starts: "The Hereford cow is a thing of charm, she lifts the mortgage on the farm. . . ."

THIS is a snapshot of Wayne, at 11, and his "Bonnie," whose colt was one of his early 4-H projects—and no easy one. A horse is an elephant to a small boy with a currycomb. . . . Growing up in 4-H, Wayne became a club leader. He's seen below on an inspection tour of his club members' poultry.



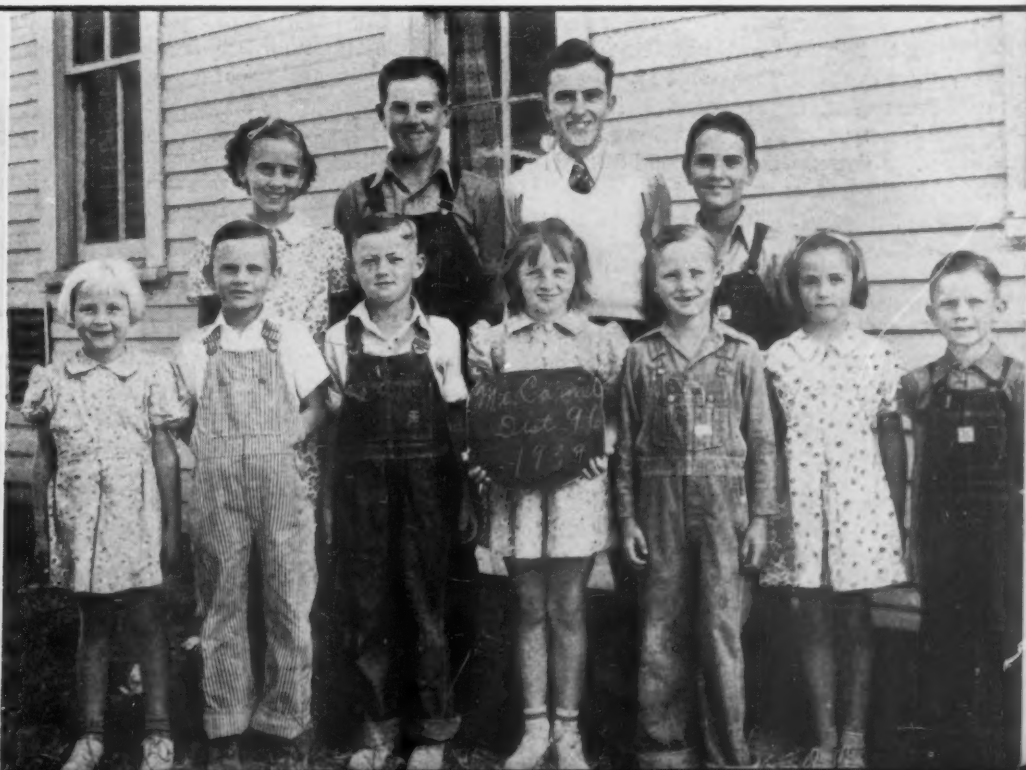


HIGH SCHOOL, with all its busy "doings," opened an exciting new world to Wayne—he lost no time in joining the band. He's the French horn farthest left.



THE NATTY young man in white is Wayne in his 4-H Club style-review outfit . . . and the chap to the right in the tall corn is Wayne again. He has been raising corn, the best, for eight years, and on it and other projects he has won 157 ribbons and medals, among them the one below, at fairs in his region.

THE FOUR great H's spelled out by hundreds of gray-and-white uniformed boys and girls at a 4-H roundup at Manhattan, Kans. Wayne was somewhere in the crowd. . . . But we see him last as "Prof. Good" with the country school children he taught a year ago. Now it's their turn to grow up.



What Makes a GOOD Town?

By Allen D. Albert

Town and City Survey Expert;
Past President, Rotary International

First learn its traits, says this authority. Then join your townsmen in bringing your community up to it.

WHAT CAN the average sort of citizen do for an average sort of town in these gloomy war days?

Take old Bill as an example. He's been "stuck," as he puts it, with the Chairmanship of his Rotary Club's Committee on Community Service. Bill's generally low in his mind—about business, about the town, about Rotary, about the whole darned world. That Committee never has done anything much. What it does this year—and Bill would really like to have it do something—must be something that can be accomplished quietly.

I think I have an answer for old Bill that will work:

He and his Committee can learn their town.

Having learned it, they will then be impelled to join with their neighbors to make the town worth more to its people.

That is a simple and *workable* program for Community Service in any Rotary Club. . . . Without releasing any man from his labors in the broad field of national patriotism, it yet offers a respite from the rasping of nerves over world perils. It is an assignment that Bill can go about modestly, not feeling that he and his Committee have "put out their necks" too far. The fruit of it, I warrant, will include smiles of gratification long, long after the alarms of World War II shall have been stilled.

The key to the idea is in that word *learn*.

I am not egging old Bill to read any *History of Oglethorpe County*. Or to place a marker where Lincoln once stopped for a drink of water. Or to call the attention of truck drivers, zooming along at a sustained speed of 45 miles an hour, to the fact that they are now on Higgins Highway. Such things count. But I am calling Bill and his fellows to another kind of knowledge, a kind that almost nobody ever possesses concerning his home town, a bigger, more



SINCE 1906 has Allen D. Albert been studying the causes of urban growth and decay, writing on city planning and social change, and serving civic and military boards as a consultant. A one-time war (Spanish-American) correspondent, he was later publisher of the Columbus (Ohio) "News" and editor of the Minneapolis "Tribune" in 1912-16. He is a Past President of Rotary International, is a popular lecturer at Rotary Institutes of Understanding, and makes his home in Paris, Ill.

practical, more provocative knowledge. I invite Rotarians to learn:

The kind of life lived by the greater number of people in the town.

Once let men of Rotary caliber comprehend that life in the community where they have their own homes and make their livings, there will come a new electric zing in the air.

Some of you may be thinking that this suggestion is only natural from a man who has spent years of his life providing towns with studies. That is where you get on the wrong bus. I propose that the Club shall make its own study, a homemade affair, without calling in any outsider, without paying out anything excepting devoted service from half a dozen qualified members.

All that is needed is a little gumption. If that old-fashioned word is vague to you, it signifies a mixture of commonsense, hustle, and doggedness.

My enthusiasm was ignited by two small books relayed by a friend with a suggestion that perhaps Rotary might find in them a course of labor for Club Committees having to do with Community Service. To say that I opened the first of the two without ardor is a triumph of understatement.

Today if I could I would put the first of the two, *Your City*, under the eye of every proper Rotary

Club Committee in the land; and for cities with populations of less than 20,000 I would provide the second book, *144 Smaller Cities*,* also. They are middling low in cost, and have been compiled by Dr. Edward L. Thorndike, for many years professor of educational psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University.

Once our Chairman Bill has *Your City* in his hands, he should open to page 151, where begins Chapter X, *Measure Your City*. In six small pages he will find a series of simple directions as to ten items of community life. Let him read aloud that chapter to his colleagues, let them go after the data specified and collate their findings, and the population of the town will have plenty to do for a considerable time.

DR. THORNDIKE has fixed upon the little number of ten items which in his considered judgment "will tell fairly well how the city stands in General Goodness"—and has done a beautiful service in turning emphasis on the qualities of town living comprehended in that phrase *General Goodness*. In short, he has wrought out a system of determining the influence of wealth, family income, and the personal qualities of the people upon the community life.

Let the Rotarian reader not forget here that I assure him that any group of Rotary Committeemen can discover the standing of their town, its merits and shortcomings, by Dr. Thorndike's method, although not one of them may have had experience with such statistics. Then let him and old Bill consider what have been chosen as the ten index points in the accompanying chart (page 24).

No great labor is required to procure this information. A series of telephone calls, a visit or

**Your City* (\$2) and *144 Smaller Cities* (\$1.50) are published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, N. Y.

two to some office by each Committeeman, and the data are on the table. What will they reveal?

Much that may not at first appear. A favorable infant death rate may tell of freedom from superstition, of efficient health administration, of a community with few slums. And vice versa. Money spent on recreation and libraries and schools, the numbers continuing their education beyond the eighth grade, may tell of boys saved from the reform school, girls off the street. And vice versa. Children out of school may tell of incomes too low. And so on.

Do not think: *boloney!* This author is not arguing that one thing necessarily produces the other. Cause and effect may be what they may be. He is relying on information garnered from scores of towns and cities that the one thing often accompanies the other.

Furthermore, if it happens that yours is a city of more than 20,000 population, you can find in 144 *Smaller Cities* about where it stands in Goodness of Life in comparison with other cities of like size. I am identified with Chicago and Paris—both in Illinois—and the first stands at about the middle of the larger cities, while the latter awaits a good Rotary Committee to find just where it does stand.

Communities differ widely from one another. Sitting here at my typewriter, I think of two: one is practically free of tuberculosis; in



From *Who's Boss?*, by National Municipal League with Pictorial Statistics, Inc.

the other there is a disproportionate number of cases and the physicians have paid for newspaper advertising to oppose any governmental seeking out of child victims. In a third city one family in four owns its home, while in a fourth more than three out of four are homeowners. A fifth city is a metropolitan service station for a dozen coal mines and 80,000 persons and there is not a single bookstore.

The reference to coal mining prompts a word of caution. Occupations do not often fix the character of a city. Wages may. Here are indications that "it is good people who make a city good":

Cities which pay high-school teachers more money have fewer babies die.

Radios accompany general goodness of life.

Low taxes connote illiteracy, disorder, sickness, unloveliness.

Read Dr. Thorndike:

"There are three specially promising probable causes of G [which is his symbol for General Goodness]:

"The first is per capita taxable wealth. . . .

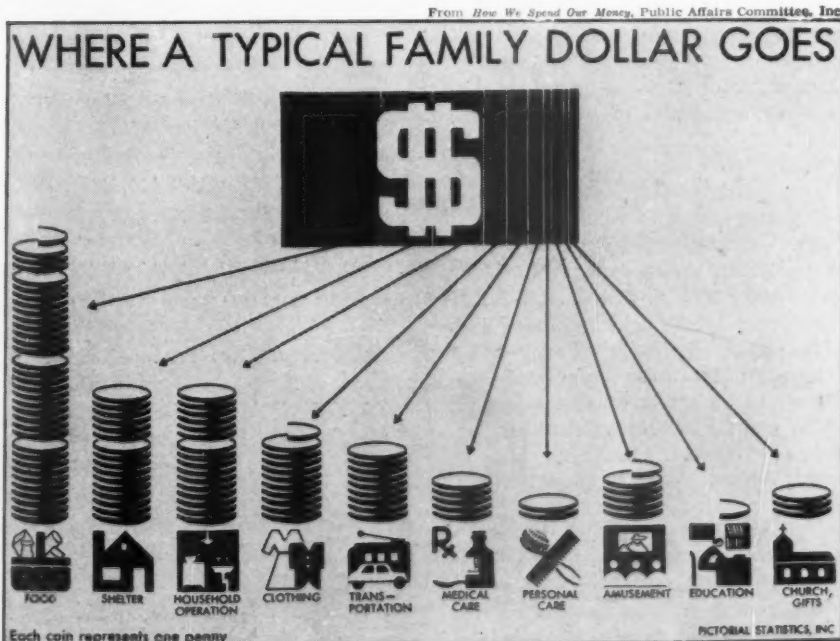
"The second is per capita private income. . . .

"The third is such qualities of intellect and character in the population as cause them to spend public funds for welfare rather than for graft or folly, to spend private incomes for homes and home comforts rather than for ostentation and debauchery, to use their time in reading rather than in committing homicide or acquiring syphilis, to use their energy in earning money rather than in stealing or wasting it. . . ."

The light thrown upon these three probable causes by the tests which I have already quoted is fair enough, but it is a reflected light. Old Bill and his Committee will prefer to look back of the reflector. To do that, they should read together — slowly — twice — Chapters III and IV of *Your City* and then go to work as outlined in Appendix III. Thus they will come to comprehend Dr. Thorndike's most distinctive contribution to such analysis of towns and they will find it to be a large one, indeed.

The extra labor will not take long or prove very difficult. When it is completed and the findings are added to those in the ten test categories—so what?

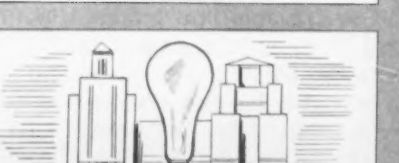
Well, unless it be that the city is included in the table beginning



A Yardstick for Your Town

Score: Good=5 points; fair=3; poor=0.

Score



1 Infant Mortality. The possibility a child will die in its first year is four times greater in some cities than in others. Parental neglect is important, but community management of health is a big factor.

2 Schools, etc. The higher the value of the educational and recreational plant, the more likely it is that you are living in a "good" town. Surveys show a direct relationship exists between them.

3 Recreation. Fifty acres of parks per 1,000 population is a reasonable goal for a community recreation program. Many small well-equipped neighborhood parks are favored over a few large ones.

4 Public Property. The "value of public property minus public debt" rating in a survey of U. S. A. municipalities showed Evanston, Ill.; Brookline, Mass.; and Pasadena, Calif., high up on the list.

5 School Costs. In general, a city is "better" whose citizens are given more dollars' worth of educational opportunity and more of whose young people can remain in school. How does your city rate?

6 School Graduates. In determining your city's rating, consider percentage of elementary students who graduate from public high schools. Some communities are known to have twice that of others.

7 Reading Habits. Is your community library-conscious? Step over to the public library and inquire about the book and periodical circulation. It is an index of the social well-being of your city.

8 Pupils. In some cities the percentage of school pupils in the 16-17 year bracket is twice that of others. Among the leaders in this particular rating is Brookline, Mass. Another is Pasadena, Calif.

9 Telephones. In some cities two families in three have telephones; in others, it may drop to one in eight. Generally speaking, the more phones, the better the town. What's your city's score?

10 Electricity. Experts include the number of homes using electricity in rating the "goodness" of a community. Local power-company officials can supply you with necessary data for your own city.

Notes:

Total

on page 46 of 144 *Smaller Cities*, the Rotarians of this Committee will know more about their particular town than any other persons in the world. They can measure their city against the others studied by Thorndike. They will have findings that may prove invaluable to the city officials, to the board of education, the teachers and the parent-teacher associations, to the editors and the clergymen, to the several political committees, to the chamber of commerce, to the whole company of militant citizens.

What they do with this treasure, as Rotarians, can be only one thing:

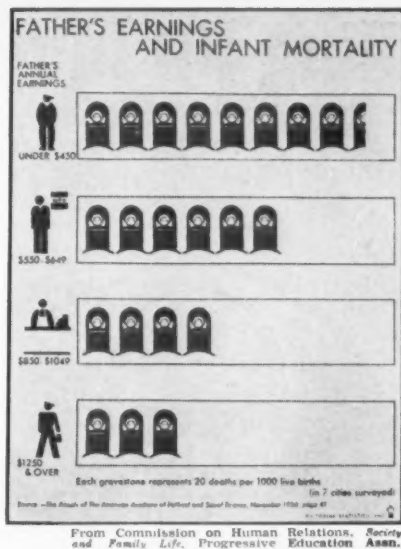
They will use it—deliberately, purposefully—for the good of all the people of the city. The Committeemen will have their own ideas. The Club will have ideas likewise. The real estate exchange, the chamber of commerce, the timid and the radical, the political ins and the political outs, will come craning around for hints and advance releases.

LET THE Committee employ all such curiosity to stimulate interest—and then give out the findings at a special meeting of the Club, held in the evening and broadened to include the officers of other service clubs, representatives of organized labor—likewise the neighborhood-improvement associations, the women's clubs, and surely every key officer of the city government.

The presentation should have two forms—a long, full, written report, released as early copy to the local newspapers; and a free, lively, impartial, illustrated outline presented orally at the special evening session.

In writing the former, the Committee will do well to have an introductory summary or syllabus, to subhead frequently, and to paragraph often.

The oral presentation should command the best abilities of the Club. The truth is to be told about the town and all local pride is to be subjected to it. Whatever is favorable will be smiled upon; and whatever is unfavorable is best coated with humor. Charts should be up to teach through the eye. The speaker should invite interruptions in the form of ques-



tions; and the time schedule should provide for a forum of discussion following the report.

Probably every person in the room will have a rough idea of what is to come. As Dr. Thorndike puts it, "good traits go together in cities." Free expression of opinions from the floor may offer a gauge of the personal qualities of the citizens which are, no questioning it, the most important of all factors in shaping the city. In all probability, whatever debate may occur will guide Chairman Bill, President Bob, and the Club Assembly in deciding what to do next.

With a few suggestions as to mechanics, we leave the idea there. The Rotary Club may have rendered a service of outstanding, continuing, possibly even inspiring, influence. Rotarians will have helped to teach a fundamental lesson—that the wealth of a town consists in the quality of life lived by the body of the people. With Heaven on our side, the place may be richer than we thought. More often, worse luck, it is poorer.

Things to do to make the town better will leap out of the report to every mind in the audience. Through years to come there will be groups of students, young and old, in the public library conning these findings. If that proves the apparent total product, it will be sufficient.

Nevertheless new invitations to service are among the more nearly certain consequences. In the revelation of broken high-school careers may come a rededication of Rotarians as foster fathers to boys

—and in our early years that was a primary form of service for us. Too many houses renting for less than \$15 a month may prompt an adequate study of wages and poverty amongst us. The library, the Boy Scouts, the boys' club, play leaders, may be awaiting only a slight increase in revenues to increase greatly the blessings of healthful recreation. In many towns an urgent need is a general agreement among the people to laugh down a minority that crabs every civic project.

Whatever public labor is agreed upon, Rotary will keep to its established practice not to allow it to be labeled "See what we've done!"

I think of Atlanta, Georgia, with its council of 21 club presidents to correlate civic enterprises. I think of Minneapolis, Minnesota, where Rotary leaders saved a home for unfortunate girls and did so quietly, almost anonymously. I think of Rotary Clubs in Toledo and a score of other cities and their devotion to the cause of crippled children.

In this other town or city, where we have been taking stock, let us be above cheapening our service with vainglory.

Every Man a Sociologist

and The professors pull many a long beard when "surveys" are mentioned—but Dr. Albert doesn't prove a thing if he doesn't prove that any amateur can inventory his community assets just as a grocer will check up this month on his stock. It's timely, too, for Rotarians to do this because "Toward Better Community Health" is the suggested topic for Rotary Club meetings in the second week of January. And the slogan for Rotary Anniversary Week—the fourth week of February—is "Better Communities in a Better World."

If you're minded to survey your town, write to Rotary International for paper No. 636, *Suggestions for a Community Survey*. It's free. So also is No. 3C, *Community Service*.

If these and Dr. Thorndike's books, which the author commends so highly, don't sate your quest for knowledge, try *Your Community*. It's by Joanna C. Colcord (Russell Sage Foundation, New York, 85 cents). *Measuring Municipal Activities*, by Clarence E. Ridley and Herbert A. Simon (International City Managers Association, Chicago, \$3), is a guide to city surveying. For what a survey revealed in one metropolis, turn to Shulman's *Slums of New York* (Albert and Charles Boni, New York, \$3). Eds.

Uncle Sam: Calling All Inventors

By **Stuart Chase**

Economist and Author

Need for new arms spurs the tinkerer, among whose loony ideas may be a great one—great for peace, too.

I AM an old miner, past 70, sitting in his lonely cabin studying how he could do his bit. Have been thinking about the unsinkable ship. I have drawn a rude diagram of a ship sawed in two. If I can give an idea that would help I would be awful glad. . . .

This letter, together with 110,000 more, came into the Naval Consulting Board at Washington, D. C., in 1917 and 1918. The job of the Board was to mobilize inventors for the war against the Central Powers. Of the flood of ideas submitted by the public, about 75 percent were obviously valueless or amateurish. Sixteen percent were old stuff. Seven percent were brilliant, but too costly in time or money. That left just 2 percent worthy of intensive consideration. But 2 percent of 110,000 is 2,200 inventions.

Among these 2,200 practical inventions were some which helped win the war, others which were about to be put to use when the war ended. They included an improved airplane bomb sight, a rapid-fire rifle, a method of manufacturing gun tubes by hydraulic pressure, a sea sled carrying a full-size torpedo at 50 miles an hour.

Now the time has come again to mobilize American inventive genius for defense, and the machinery for doing it has already been set up in Washington. Wars today are inventors' wars. Machines do most of the fighting; and back of every machine stands not only soldiers but battalions of inventors. A modern battleship is the frozen thought of 10,000 inventors and designers.

And the United States—a country that celebrates the Connecticut Yankee and dotes on Rube Goldberg's cartoons—is full of inventors. If America can get them all working, its people need never fear the engines of an invader. Hence the National Inventors' Council in the United States Department of Commerce is giving



HEAD of the National Inventors' Council, a new sifting and classifying agency, is Motor Man Charles F. Kettering, honorary member of the Dayton, Ohio, Rotary Club.

careful consideration to suggestions for national defense. Already 12,000 suggestions have gone through the hopper, and some of them are in active use.

The National Inventors' Council was established to obviate such duplications of effort as went on in 1917 and after. Besides the Naval Consulting Board (continued as the Office of Inventions) there were "inventions sections" in the Ordnance Department, the Air Corps, the Signal Corps; and thousands of ideas were received by other Government bureaus.

Last Spring, when invading legions were smashing through Flanders, and President Roosevelt was asking Congress for 50,000 airplanes, Lawrence Langner, a patent attorney of long experience, realized that if American inventors were to be mobilized along with airplanes and guns, one central sifting machine was necessary. He consulted his friend Dr. Thomas Midgely, inventor of ethyl gasoline. They saw Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen in the Navy Office of Inventions; Commissioner Conway P. Coe, of the Patent Office (who has a list of 2,000 top-notch inventors classified by their specialties); Charles F. Kettering, head of General Motors Research Corporation; and a

lot of other people. The group formulated the idea of the National Inventors' Council. The President approved, and presently the Council began to function, with Mr. Langner as its unsalaried executive secretary.

Mr. Langner has dealt with inventors for many years. He knows that some lone experimenter in a remote little town may develop an idea which will help make ships unsinkable, invasion incredible, defense impregnable. He realizes that many of the ideas submitted will be foolish, some of them will be poisoned with greedy motives. But he wants the Council to be open-minded, to look for the gold that is bound to be there. He wants to stimulate the patriotism and the morale of American inventors, to give them an organization which they can trust, and where they will always be received hospitably.

Mr. Langner looks forward to the time when the crisis will be past, yet the Council will continue as a haven for inventors who have ideas to help their country and its citizens. I was glad to hear Mr. Langner say this. Lethal inventions America must have now to warn off potential invaders, but in the long view they are a blind alley for the creative spirit. But later Americans will need many new inventions, social as well as mechanical, to ride out the stormy transition years ahead. The ultimate aim of inventions must be to help conserve life rather than destroy it—if mankind is to survive on this planet.

The Council is headed by Mr. Kettering, one of the foremost technologists in America. In charge of its 12 committees, covering everything from cannon to clothing, are such men as Dr. William D. Coolidge, of General Electric; Watson Davis, of Science Service; Commissioner Coe; George Baekeland, of the Bakelite Corporation; Dr. Orville Wright;

Admiral Bowen; General J. O. Mauborgne, for the U. S. Army. Ideas that come into the War Department and to the National Defense Council are cleared through the Inventors' Council. Presently the Navy will also send in its ideas. Thus every incoming invention will be cleared through one agency.

In addition to handling ideas from the public, the Council functions as a kind of inventors' procurement bureau for the armed forces. Suppose the Navy wants an idea for strengthening deck armor against bombs. They have, of course, their own ideas, but are there others? Ask the Council. The Council at once consults its list of 2,000 leading inventors. Perhaps ten men in the United States are especially qualified by their experience to tackle the problem. The Council gets in touch with these experts. They go to work. Thus the Council acts as a spark to ignite American inventive genius. This phase of its activities may prove even more important than its function as a clearinghouse for ideas.

Let us see what happens when you send the Council an idea for, say, an amphibian tank. Your plan goes first to the evaluation and classification department. Here sit mechanical, chemical, and electrical engineers, who determine whether you've got something. "Amphibian tanks,

hm-m; a tidy sketch, but that camshaft certainly won't work. . . . Hullo, here's something! Wonder if the Navy people are on to this?" So the examiner, after classifying your idea, marks it for further consideration. If he hadn't found that little something which looked new, he would have marked it for a polite acknowledgment.

FROM the examiners, your idea—if it has excited them—goes to one of the Council's 12 committees for further inspection. If they are excited, it goes right to the appropriate service. If everybody gets excited—and the boys are looking for excitement—you may find yourself somebody who is somebody in Washington.

Ideas are now coming in at the rate of 150 a day. When the Navy sends over its incoming mail, the average will jump to 250. The examiners report that about 4 percent are worth passing on to the committees. The mail follows the news. When London suffered its first serious bombing, the incoming ideas ran heavily to defense

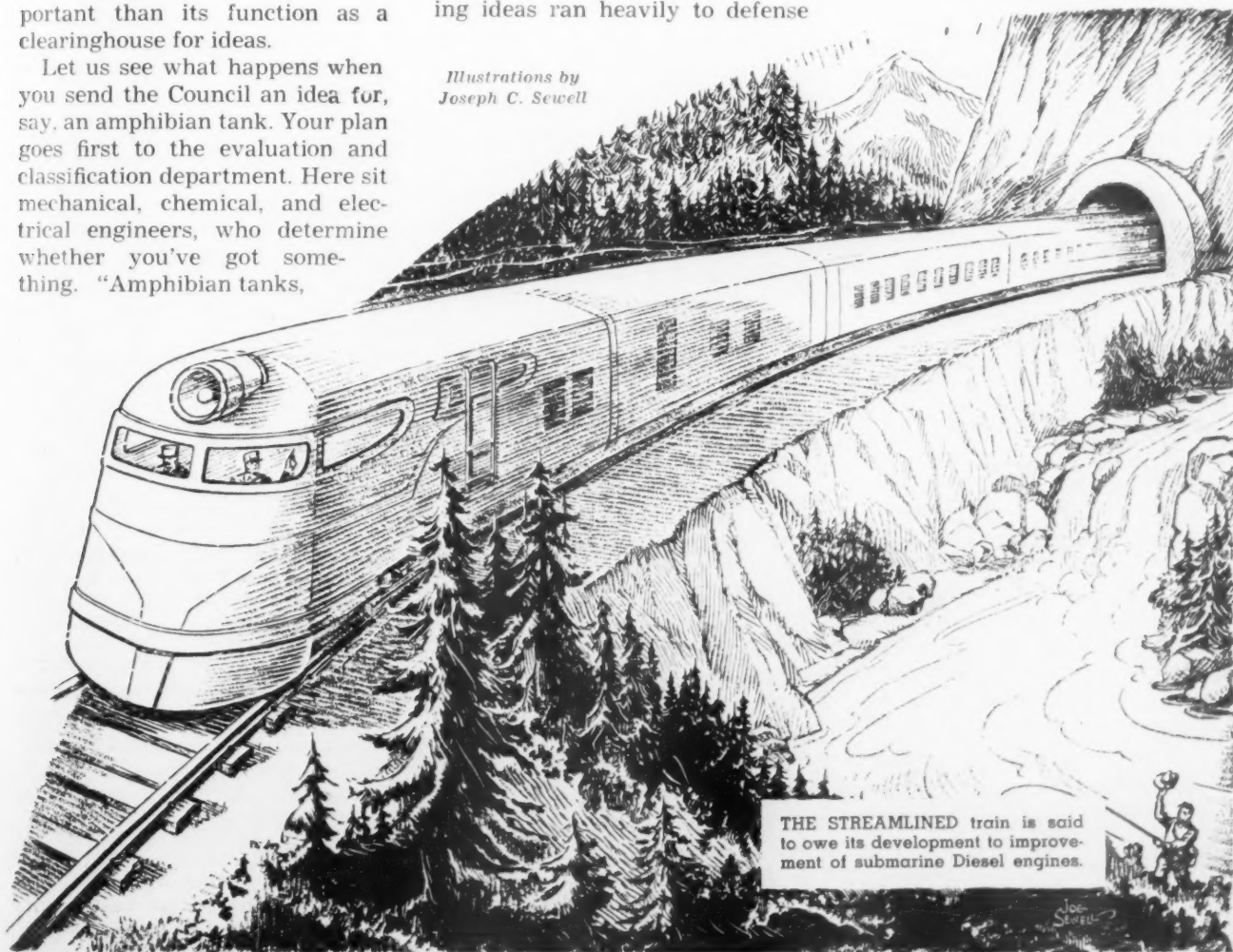
against bombs. When the news indicated that London could take it, and played up R.A.F. attacks on Channel ports and German industrial areas, inventors shifted to offensive devices calculated to make air bombing more effective.

Naturally, few ideas inspired overnight by headlines are likely to be profound. But one inventor may go to his study for a drawing on which he has worked for years. And another may suddenly see a new but simple solution, and outline it for elaboration by specialists. Invention is a craft in which miracles do occasionally happen.

In addition to lethal devices and protection against them, the Council is accumulating many inventions *useful not only in war, but in peace*—plastics, synthetics, road-building devices, concentrated foods, a treatment for gangrene that has already cured cases.

A young man comes in with an idea for mobilizing yacht and boating clubs, not to fight, but to report promptly any suspicious

Illustrations by
Joseph C. Sewell



THE STREAMLINED train is said to owe its development to improvement of submarine Diesel engines.

happenings along the coasts. The Council calls the Coast Guard. "Good, send him over. We've been working on a similar idea ourselves."

A number of inventors have offered proposals for a system of warning the whole population by radio. When the town siren sounds in a specified way, every householder should stand by his radio for instructions. This is a kind of up-to-date Paul Revere system—"one if by land; two if by sea. . . ." It is a *social* invention, applicable in the emergencies of peace—fire, flood, hurricane—as well as in war.

Here is a Pennsylvania Dutchman who has presented, *gratis*, a most ingenious and practicable device for salvaging damaged shell cases.

Here is a 19-year-old boy with an excellent idea for an aerial torpedo, guided by remote control.

HERE IS a man with a super-secret. He looks nervously around for dictaphones as he speaks in whispers. His idea turns out to be an airplane and a copper cable. Send the plane up in a thunderstorm and the cable will deliver unlimited power to blast the enemy!

So it goes, at the Inventors' Council: the wise, the foolish, the dedicated, the greedy. But the great majority are dedicated—to the proposition that the United States of America must be impregnable.

Many of America's great corporations and universities have well-equipped research laboratories staffed with experts. Why, one may ask, isn't *this* the place to look for defense inventions? It is a good place, but it is not the only place. The individual inventor has an important rôle to play. The Council hopes to fortify and enlarge his rôle. Dr. Frank B. Jewett, director of the Bell Laboratories, said recently that of the three great telephone improvements in recent years, one came out of the company's laboratory and two came from inventors outside the organization.

When that brainstorm to save America hits you, here are a few rules to remember. First of all, write to the National Inventors' Council, Department of Commerce,

Washington, D. C., for a copy of Bulletin No. 1, which gives the rules in detail. This will save time for both you and Uncle Sam.

If your proposal is technical and you are not technically trained, talk it over with an engineer. He can advise you about its practicability. To prevent ships from being torpedoed, people are constantly submitting lovely devices which weigh more than the ship.

Enclose careful sketches and give a full description. Don't hold anything back. You will be in the hands of fair and honest men. Don't send models. They do not make so much sense to an expert examiner as a good written description. Don't try to get a personal interview. You will get one fast enough if your suggestion is received with excitement at the proper point.

If you want to be paid for your idea, file a duplicate with the Patent Office. If your invention is adopted, you will be compensated by a board which has handled such cases honorably for many years. Of course, if you are interested solely in the financial return, perhaps it would be just as well to keep that earth-shaking idea to yourself. This is not a period in history for people concerned with getting; it is a period for people concerned with giving. Well over half the ideas already received are donated without thought of compensation or even credit by inventive citizens who, like the old miner, just want to help.

Two engineers, the Navy reports, are financing out of their own pockets the development of a very promising remote-control device. When it is perfected, Uncle Sam will get it *gratis*.

When the 1918 Armistice came, the United States Navy Department with its own personnel continued the work of the Naval Consulting Board. At Thomas A. Edison's suggestion, it set up a first-class research bureau. I have visited its laboratories at Antacostia, near Washington, and talked to Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen, their able director. They are among the finest research facilities in the world. Their scientific development of Diesel engines for marine use has resulted in a practical Diesel for streamlined


railroad trains. This is in itself a great story of the cross transfer of invention.

The Naval Consulting Board closed a history of its activities in the last war with these words: "Everyone expected that the board would evolve some invention that would conquer the Central Powers with one fell swoop, and had the war lasted another year an important and confidential device not described herein would probably have justified this expectation to some degree."

I know in a general way the device to which these words refer. It is still being worked on with favorable progress. It will win no wars by itself. But some day it may greatly surprise an overconfident aggressor.

The National Inventors' Council is equipped and waiting to receive, from the inventive genius of Americans, other surprises for overconfident aggressors.

Now—Calling All Readers

 As your conclusions about this article clear up, tint them with a few facts about the author. Stuart Chase learned technological theory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard, then went out to test it—in a public accounting firm, as an investigator of the meat-packing industry, and, since 1922, in Labor Bureau, Inc. But you may know him better as a former contributor to *THE ROTARIAN* and as the author of *Men and Machines*; *The Economy of Abundance*; *Rich Land, Poor Land*—which books fall in the category of "further readings on this article."

If you're a *ROTARIAN* saver, you'll congratulate yourself now, for you can dip back into the April, 1934, issue and read that notable debate *Do We Need Birth Control for Ideas?*, by Sir Josiah Stamp and Charles F. Kettering, whom Mr. Chase mentions. The issue they discussed is still wide open. But if you can't go back that far, find your copy for January, 1940. In it was a story *About a Man Who Gave a Million-Dollar 'NO!'* (to an offer for his invention). Wm. F. McDermott and J. C. Furnas told it, and you'll find that it's in line with your quest.

Yes, this Mr. McDermott is the one who contributes the article on the next page. In *Faster Than Bullets* he builds up Mr. Chase's case for invention with a rich example.—Eds.



AN AIRPLANE speed of 600 to 700 miles an hour is in sight, and a fuel capable of propelling fighting ships at that rate has already been developed in the oil-industry laboratories of the United States. Navy planes are flying 400 miles an hour, according to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, and an Army fighter in a late test attained a speed of 520 miles an hour—faster than a bullet. Now the gap between present speeds and that which will be swifter than sound is steadily being closed.

The new miracle fuel is a gasoline of octane rating heretofore undreamed of. Premium gasoline runs about 78.5 octane; the best Germany can produce synthetically from coal is 87; with the addition of tetraethyl lead, American commercial airlines use 90 to 95; overseas Clippers use 95; the United States Army and Navy use 100, while a few experimental ships use 120 octane. The new fuel which research has produced rates 150 octane or better. Its significance is indicated by the difference between 87 and 100 octane gas: 35 to 50 miles an hour greater speed; take off and climbing efficiency increased 25 to 40 percent; lifting power of dead weight from the ground advanced 25 percent; and in a 1,400-mile flight a carrying capacity of 1,200 pounds, or the equivalent of seven passengers, is gained.

British fliers have demonstrated their ability to take 1,800 horse-

power for brief periods from their Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engines with the aid of 100 octane fuel, whereas the normal rating with 87 octane is 1,050 horsepower. Engineers have found that the use of 100 octane gas in engines designed for it brings a fuel efficiency on a par with the best aviation Diesel engine. The fastest German Messerschmitt plane touches 350 miles an hour, and the British Spitfire 400, the gasoline sometimes making most of the difference between victory and defeat.

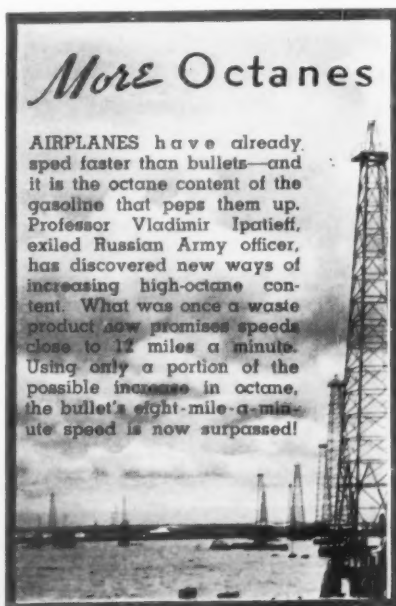
An eminent, exiled Russian scientist is partly responsible for the fact that America produces incomparably the finest aviation gaso-

line in the world. And thanks to private enterprise, which has built petroleum into a 14-billion-dollar industry, the United States is meeting demands for its own or hemisphere defense and at the same time is supplying what England needs in its fight for democracy.

The name of 73-year-old Vladimir N. Ipatieff, discoverer of the catalytic polymerization process by which high-octane aviation gasoline was first produced, was for years revered in Russia much like Thomas A. Edison's was in America. He was a world-famous chemist, a professor of the University of St. Petersburg, a distinguished member of the Russian Academy of Science, and during the World War was a lieutenant general of the Russian Army in charge of chemical warfare. Twenty-eight scientific honors, including the distinguished Lavoisier gold medal from the King of Bulgaria, have been conferred upon him. Several years ago scientists from all over Europe gathered in Germany to do him honor when he visited there.

When the Soviet terror was at its height, Dr. Ipatieff left his native land as a protest. From Moscow, where he had lived and labored for more than 60 years, he came to the United States. Since 1931 he has been a lecturer at Northwestern University and director of chemical research of the Universal Oil Products Company.

Russia for years sought his re-



AIRPLANES have already sped faster than bullets—and it is the octane content of the gasoline that peps them up. Professor Vladimir Ipatieff, exiled Russian Army officer, has discovered new ways of increasing high-octane content. What was once a waste product now promises speeds close to 12 miles a minute. Using only a portion of the possible increase in octane, the bullet's eight-mile-a-minute speed is now surpassed!

turn, making him lucrative offers. It was even intimated that without Ipatieff in the Kremlin it would be too dangerous for the U.S.S.R. to attempt any major war. The Russian Ambassador attempted to coax the chemist to return. To each plea, Ipatieff merely replied, "Sorry, but I want to serve all mankind, not merely Russia, and I can do that better in a free land."

Ipatieff's own son, a teacher in Russia, bitterly denounced his father. Lately, when hundreds of scientists honored the veteran again, telegrams and cables were received from all parts of the world—except Russia. A few days later Ipatieff received notice he had been expelled by the Russian Academy of Science and that his Russian citizenship had been taken away from him. But he had already made application for American citizenship, saying:

"I regret only that I cannot go back to see my friends, and to talk again to hundreds of my pupils, many of whom became famous men of science. I am exiled from the city where I spent 60 years."

"Yet think what the name Ipatieff meant to Russia. The first Czar Mikhail Romanov was crowned in the Ipatieff home in 1613, which later became the Ipatieff monastery. And in 1918 Czar Nicholas II and his family met their end in the basement of the Ipatieff home in Ekaterinburg, Siberia. And I, a lieutenant general, am *persona non grata*."

A YEAR ago Ipatieff gave his life savings of \$21,000 to Northwestern University to finance a laboratory for experimentation with petroleum products in the field of high-pressure chemistry. He also offered his time, without pay, to work with younger chemists.

"My entire interest now," he said, "is with my work in America. I should like to feel that I had a part in developing young American scientists."

Ipatieff's gift of high-octane gasoline to America is within the time of his residence here, but the discovery roots back to 1900 in Moscow, when the noted chemist showed that changes of organic compounds at high temperatures could not only be controlled but also accurately directed by the

use of catalysts. A catalyst, be it known, is a foreign agent which produces or speeds chemical reactions without itself being affected. Polymerization, using solidified phosphoric acid as a catalyst, enables industry to liquefy a "fugitive" gas, which has been more or less a waste product of

Photo: Universal Oil Products Co.



PROFESSOR Vladimir Ipatieff, discoverer of process of polymerization by catalysis.

the long-used cracking process of producing gasoline out of crude oil, and to refine it into 100 octane fuel. This discovery paved the way for the 700-mile-an-hour gasoline in the laboratories now.

The story of the "fugitive" or waste gas is a romance in itself. Back in the 1900s, when autos were few and the gasoline demand was moderate, ordinary distillation produced an ample supply. As the number of motorcars steadily increased, the oil industry was able to keep pace. Then in 1909 started a series of revolutionizing events, introducing to the world the famous cracking process that today is saving in America alone more than one billion barrels of crude oil annually.

In California a petroleum refiner, Jesse A. Dubbs by name, was having trouble with water in an oil well. He experimented until he found a combination of high pressure and high temperature that successfully dehydrated the oil—and also "cracked" it, breaking big molecules of oil down into little ones. The inventor did not realize at the time the significance of his discovery. Meantime, Dr.

William M. Burton, noted chemist and later president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, had successfully applied heat and pressure to oil and produced gasoline by "cracking."

Dubbs dedicated his son to oil engineering, giving him the name of Carbon Petroleum Dubbs! And he has lived up to his father's desire. J. Ogden Armour, the packer, put 6 million dollars into the research and never received a dime in return. After his fortune had vanished and he had died, bankers in going over his assets turned over the Universal Oil Products Company stocks to his wife, believing them valueless. Years later they were found to have a value of 13 million dollars.

For seven years, cracking was a closely guarded secret. It produced a considerable quantity of gasoline, but there was always the menace of coke. Residual oils contain a large percentage of substances that quickly coke when they contact hot walls in cracking tubes and chambers. This coking could not be prevented by any means then known. As coke formed on the inner walls and chambers, it insulated them so that heat could not get through into the oil to break down the molecules. Hot spots developed, tubes melted and split. A refinery could run no longer than two days without time out for cleaning. By 1920 only 15 million barrels of the 115 million barrels of gasoline produced annually were by cracking.

Finally in laboratories at Evanston, Illinois, and at Independence, Kansas, research found a way to overcome the carbon handicap. This was after many millions had been spent by various companies and individuals to conquer coking. On July 19, 1919, representatives of 14 refineries took over a demonstration plant in a two-acre field near Independence, hidden by a high board fence. For ten days they watched it, never leaving its operations unguarded for a single second. At the end of the period the unit was shut down and inspected for coke—it was clean as a whistle, and could have run for months longer.

This gave cracking "the break" it needed. By 1921 there were 10 million autos registered in the United States, and the gasoline de-

mand was overwhelming. Dubbs cracking units jumped from 65 in 1923, with a daily capacity of 42,000 barrels, to 243 in 1929 handling 332,000 barrels. By 1939 cracking had outstripped straight distillation, 295 million barrels of gasoline of a total of 555 million being made by that process. Oil companies had over 400 million dollars invested in cracking plants.

IN THAT year 1,237,800,000 barrels of crude oil were used, whereas more than 2½ billion barrels would have been required by the distillation process alone. Throughout the world the saving was over 2 billion barrels of crude. One barrel of crude oil is already doing more than two used to do, and efficiency is stretching it to almost three barrels.

In those early days distillation took from crude oil the "native" gasoline—25 to 30 percent. That was a case of boiling gas out of crude oil as vapor and condensing it, much as alcohol is produced in a still. Thermal cracking uses the sledge hammers of heat—up to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit—and high pressure, or about 1,000 pounds to the square inch, to smash the big molecules of crude oil into smaller ones, producing by chemical change thereby a gasoline different and superior to the distilled, and converting as high as 75 percent of the total. It's a battle of giants—"seething heat fights to vaporize the oil, while the smothering pressure battles to choke back vaporization." Since cracking started, more than 13 billion barrels of crude oil have been saved.

And here Dr. Ipatieff comes in. For years the cracking process has given off as a by-product a "waste" or "fugitive" gas. Scientists recognized it had valuable qualities, but didn't know exactly what to do with it except to burn it. So all these years this waste was piped back into the furnace to provide fuel to operate the given cracking unit. A cracking operation was considered nicely balanced if it generated enough gas to operate itself.

Then came the exiled Russian

scientist with his catalysis by which he managed to liquefy and refine the elusive waste gas—only to find it provided the finest aviation gasoline the world has ever known! Now more than 340 million cubic feet of cracked gas are being treated daily, producing about 28,000 barrels of high octane polymer gas. More than 10 million barrels were produced in 1940. Yet this is only a small fraction of the potentialities. Authorities estimate that the present amount of the gas being used for fuel could be turned into 9 billion gallons of high-octane gas yearly, of which one billion gallons could be developed into 100 octane. On the scale already projected, catalytic polymerization represents a saving of 75 million barrels of crude oil a year. "Poly" plants are simple and economical to construct, and earn profit fast in these days of demand for supergas. A "poly" unit installed in a little refinery in Michigan at a cost of \$10,000 paid for itself in 30 days.

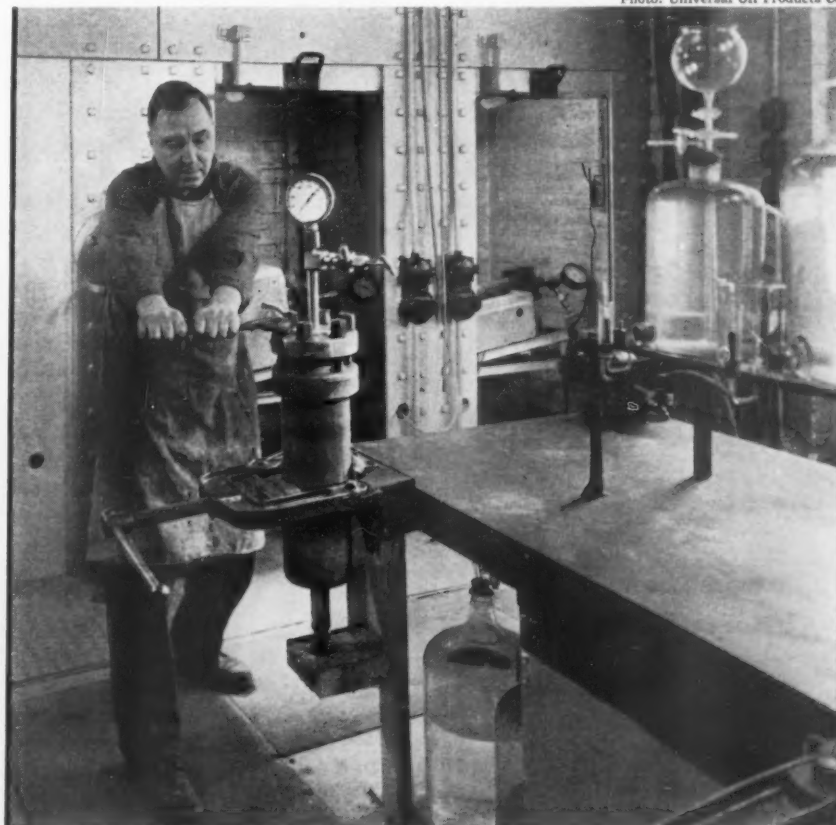
Highly trained experts have been working at feverish pace to develop other high-octane processes and have had remarkable success. An outstanding achievement is the Houdry catalytic

cracking, now used in 12 plants, ten of which have been built in the last two years. At a low estimate, these alone could produce, if necessary, half a billion gallons of aviation gasoline yearly, of 90 octane rating or better. Another is the one-step alkylation process, used in a dozen plants built last year, with a capacity of 11,500 barrels a day. Two new processes are for complete desulphurization.

It was estimated last Fall that by the end of 1940 all United States refineries, if pushed to their limit, could have produced 750 million gallons of high-octane aviation gas, and by 1941 the productive capacity would have been pushed up to one billion gallons. This is far beyond the immediate demand, for in 1939 the Government used only 100 million gallons of 100 octane gasoline, comprising 90 percent of its aviation fuel. Shipments of all aviation gasoline abroad totalled 275 million gallons, some of which has now been curtailed.

And what are the possibilities? Well, the United States uses nearly 25 billion gallons of all sorts of motor fuel annually. One of America's foremost research specialists [Continued on page 56]

Photo: Universal Oil Products Co.



TIGHTENING head on high-pressure bomb for catalytic experiment. Rear: armor-plate chambers for protection during experiment.



TIGHT BOU



were expected. But when they were in, the judges—J. H. McNabb (president of Bell & Howell Company, photo equipment), Harvey W. Framberg (vice-president of Barnes-Crosby Company, photoengravers), and W. A. Graber (photographer), all members of the Chicago Rotary Club—were faced with 2,174 photos from 521 entrants in 24 countries!

You have seen on page 6 the picture which won First Prize, Human-Interest Division. Here are the other winners in that and in the Scenic Division.

First Prize for the Full-Color Division was awarded to W. E. White, of Plymouth, N. H., for *Dog and Gun and Gal*. This will appear as a cover for *THE ROTARIAN* later in the year. *Diamond Head* won second place for W. F. Sullivan, of Waikiki, Hawaii. Honorable Mentions went to *Son and Sunflower*, A. S. Arnold, of Worcester, Mass.; and *Archer*, Bob Holbert, Bloomington, Ill.

The names of the winners are shown

awarded Honorable Mention.

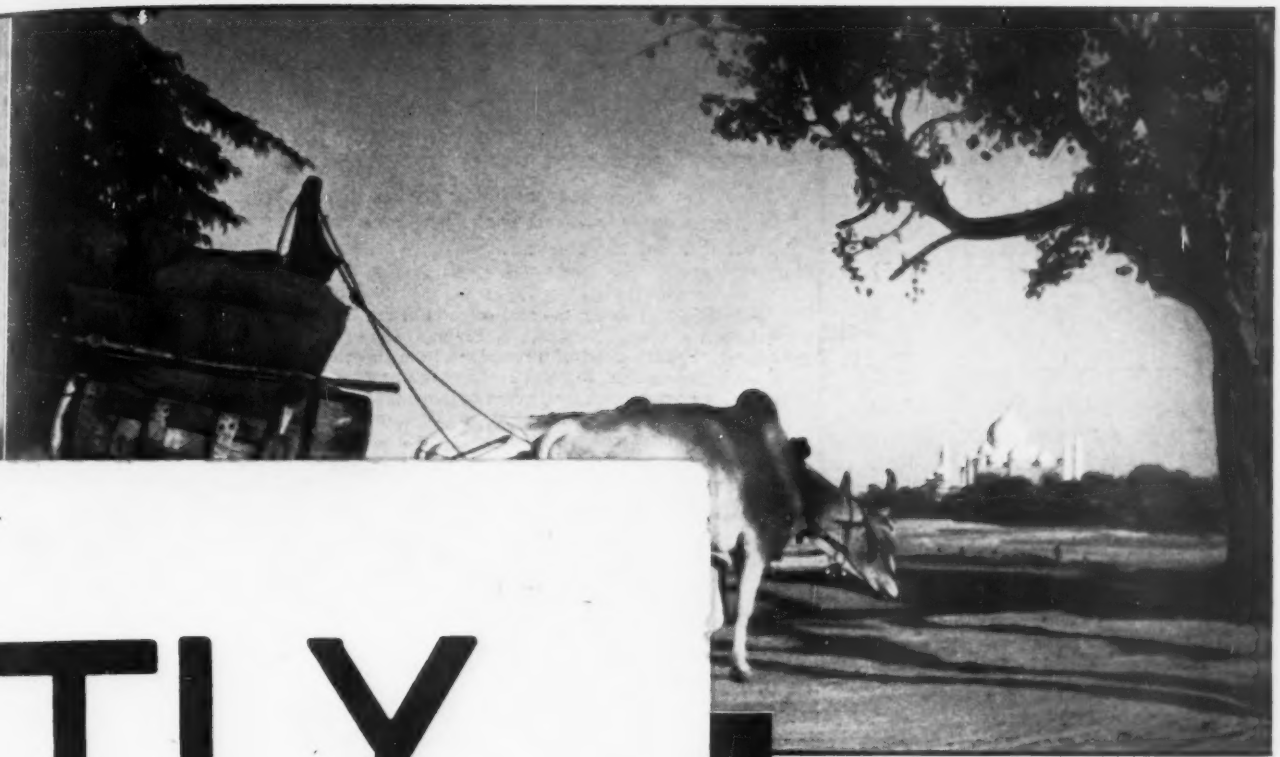
Scenic Division: Dr. L. V. ... Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry Inn, ... Hawaii; H. V. Maybee, Wilman, Del.; R. I. Stitt, New Bedford, Mass.; W. Standish, Beverly, Mass.; Cal. San Antonio, Tex.; W. E. Bertie, Buffalo, N. Y.; Colquitt Clark, Vicki, Mass.; B. J. Smyth, Oberlin, Ohio; Grif-fith, Washington, D. C.

Human-Interest Division: C. Graves, Lexington, Ky.; C. ... Honolulu, Hawaii; E. McCann Bern-nardino, Calif.; Henry In-Vaiki, Hawaii; Janet M. Dixon, ... S. Jepson, Bombay, India; Page, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. M. ... Munising, Mich.; A. J. ... Mich.; Gustavo Rheingantz, Ja-neiro, Brazil.

Heigh-ho, Rotarian lens-men now to get ready for *THE ROTARIAN'S* Sixth Photo Contest. The rules will soon be announced.

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FROM Honolulu, Hawaii, C. R. Frazier sent this unusual view *Midst India's Toil and Beauty*, which won Second Prize in the Scenic Division for him.



THE JUDGES felt that *The Lawgiver* had much of the quality of a Dürer portrait coupled with good photography, so it won Second Prize, Human-Interest Division, for C. W. Blakeslee, of Tampa, Fla.

(RIGHT) Instead of San Francisco, Calif., E. Ingold's address might well be in Mexico. He did not disclose where he snapped *Boy in Serape*, but it took Third Prize in Human Interest.





(LEFT) Photographic excellence, the judges termed this view of *Summer Harvest*, which won Third Prize in the Scenic Division for E. C. Rosenberg, of North Sacramento, Calif.

F. C. DEIBEL, of Lakewood, Ohio, won First Prize in the Scenic Division for *At Rest* (above). The perfection of detail as well as the contrast of light appealed to the judges.



They Did It with Their Lenses

WHEN THE ROTARIAN'S Fifth Photo Contest was announced, many entries were expected. But when they were in, the judges—J. H. McNabb (president of Bell & Howell Company, photo equipment), Harvey W. Framberg (vice-president of Barnes-Crosby Company, photo-engravers), and W. A. Graber (photographer), all members of the Chicago Rotary Club—were faced with 2,174 photos from 521 entrants in 24 countries!

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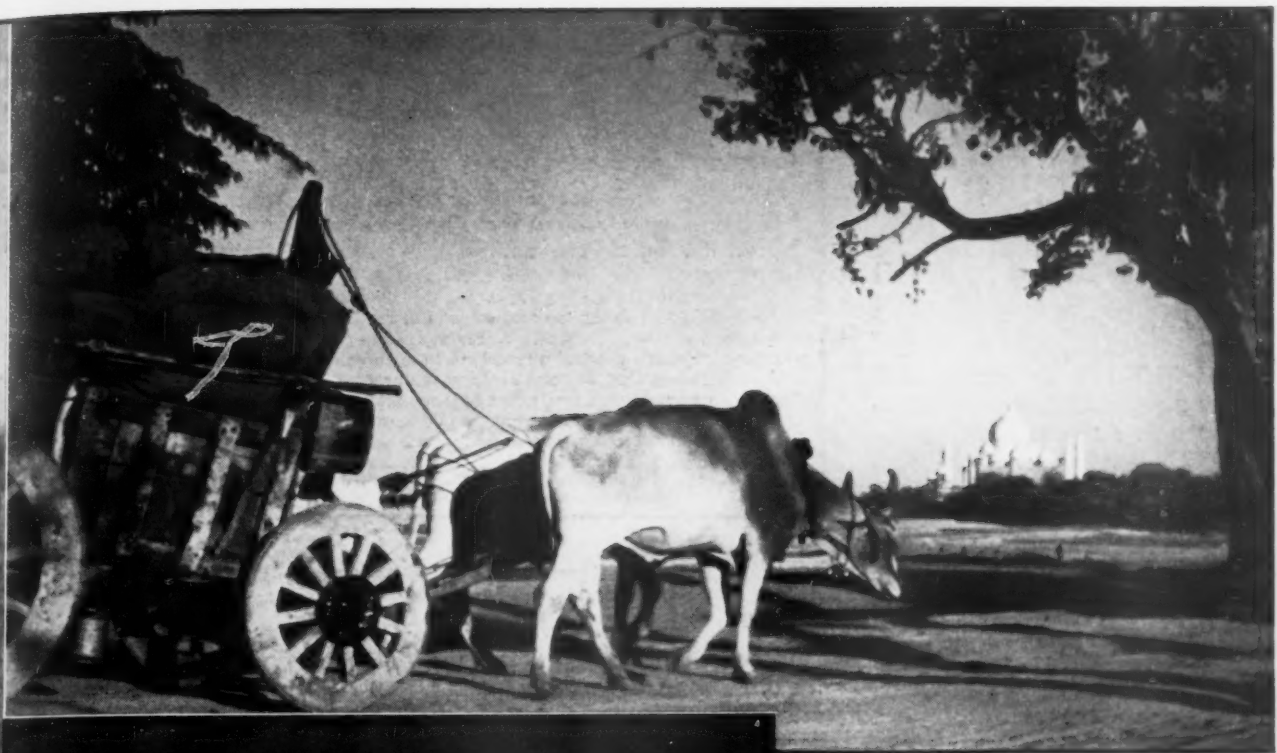
The names of the winners are shown

with the reproductions; more are the photographers to whom the judges awarded Honorable Mention.

Scenic Division: Dr. L. V. Herman, Buffalo, N. Y.; Henry Inn, Honolulu, Hawaii; H. V. Maybee, Wilmette, Ill.; R. I. Stitt, New Bedford, Mass.; W. Standish, Beverly, Mass.; C. L. San Antonio, Tex.; W. E. Bert, Palo Alto, N. Y.; Colquitt Clark, Vicksburg, Miss.; B. J. Smyth, Oberlin, Ohio; Griffith, Washington, D. C.

Human-Interest Division: C. Graves, Lexington, Ky.; C. Cradler, Honolulu, Hawaii; E. McCann, Bernardino, Calif.; Henry Inn, Waikiki, Hawaii; Janet M. Dixon, Chicago, Ill.; S. Jepson, Bombay, India; J. Page, Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. M. Weston, Munising, Mich.; A. J. Anderson, Lima, Mich.; Gustavo Rheingantz, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Heigh-ho, Rotarian lens! Plan now to get ready for THE ROTARIAN'S Sixth Photo Contest. The rules and rules will soon be announced.



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Shall We Adopt the World Calendar?

Yes! Says:

Edward F. Flynn

THE WORLD *do* move: and nothing proves it more than the changes in our calendar. Since 4236 B.C.—the date of the first Egyptian solar calendar—until just a few years ago, when Russia came in line with the Gregorian calendar of A.D. 1582, man has been trying to adjust the calendar to the seasons in harmony.

The fact that the world moves is just the thing that makes a change in the calendar necessary. For the world and the sun move in varying periods, and the calendar is the scheme to keep track of both of them at the same time. The Egyptians were the first to abandon the moon as a base and turn to the sun. They used a 12-month year. In the 42 centuries it was employed, the error of one quarter day each year got bothersome.

The difficulty is that the sun does not match the earth in period by almost, but not quite, one quarter day. Julius Caesar, busy as he was, took time out to rearrange the calendar, with the aid of an Egyptian, Sosigenes. To them goes the credit for the leap day every fourth year to "take up the slack."

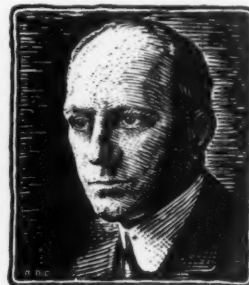
Fifteen more centuries passed before the slight error in the leap day became bothersome. Then Pope Gregory XIII dropped ten days from the calendar and established the present schedule.

As a measure of time, with proper relation of days, seasons, and years, it was nearly perfect. As a measure of months, it served medieval needs perfectly well. But this is an industrial age, not a feudal one! The time schedules and periods of today are based on production, payrolls, quarterly, semiannual, and annual reports to directors of corporations, not on the whims and journeys of kings.

See how the Gregorian calendar burdens us! A work month may

Shall we switch the calendar to a more mathematically reasoned one? Or is the present irregular one sufficiently workable?

AS ASSISTANT to the general counsel of the Great Northern Railway, Edward F. Flynn has become converted to the need of a revision of the calendar. As a Rotarian, Past Director Flynn needs no conversion, for he has been long noted as a speaker at Rotary functions. Perhaps his four-minute-man experience in 1918, when he had to pack much into little time, taught him to talk fast. Anyway, he does!



contain anywhere from 22 to 27 workdays, which means a worker paid by the month may vary in his daily wage almost 25 percent. On the other hand, the weekly worker may get paid four or five times in each calendar month, but many of his obligations are based on a monthly schedule. Quarterly reports—the basis of many business records and operations—may cover 90, 91, or 92 days.

It is surely time to rearrange the calendar in the light of the times in which we live. The World Calendar—perpetual—does just that. It has replaced all other suggested reforms as the most generally accepted scheme, primarily because it offers the fewest changes and yet accomplishes the most.

The perpetual World Calendar is based on the equal-quarter division of the year. Each quarter has exactly 91 days, or 13 weeks, or three months. The months within each quarter are, respectively, 31, 30, and 30 days long. Each quarter begins on Sunday and ends on Saturday.

To make this calendar perpetual, the 365th day must be added—and this is done by an extra day following December 30, known as "Y" or Year-End Day. This day is a holiday, and does not enter into the week at all. Every four years the leap day is added after June 30, as "L" or Leap-Year Day. This, likewise, is a holiday, and does not enter into computations.

These two days—world holidays—are the means by which the calendar is stabilized so that days and dates correspond year after

year. In this calendar, if you are born on a Tuesday, your birthday will always fall on a Tuesday. Christmas is always on Monday, Thanksgiving always on November 24.

There are many practical applications and advantages for the World Calendar. The businessman will have a calendar which remains the same year after year. There is also perfect synchronization among days, weeks, and months from quarter to quarter. Statisticians will be able to compare their figures more easily, and their quarterly, semiannual, and annual records will have comparative meaning. Railway men and other industrial workers should like this plan because, when it is in use, the complicated tabulations necessary under the present calendar will no longer be required. Educators who plan the opening day of school, the holidays, and the closing day by the World Calendar will be able to fix study and athletic schedules with greater ease. And we Rotarians will always know the dates and days when our international Convention meets!

When the World Calendar comes in the door, out the window will fly such expressions as "Election day will fall on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November" and "A term of the Supreme Court will begin on the first Monday in October," and be replaced by "November 7" and "October 2," respectively.

Under the World Calendar, New Year's Day will always fall on Sunday, January 1; and with

Year-End Day a holiday, coming the day before, and Christmas always falling on Monday, we shall have two holiday week-ends at the end of every year. Thanksgiving can be set once and for all on either Thursday, November 23 or 30, or, as some suggest, on a Monday, November 27.

It is especially interesting for Rotarians that Brazil, homeland of Rotary's international President, Armando de Arruda Pereira, is one of the nations favoring the adoption of this World Calendar,* and unofficial scientific and business organizations** have recommended it. In addition, many departments of the United States Government have indicated their extreme interest in the possibilities of the World Calendar.

Other calendar reforms have been suggested, and the 13-month

year once had a considerable following. But business organizations which tried it seem to have unanimously dropped it, and it has died a natural death. Meanwhile, the World Calendar, with four equal quarters, perpetual, scientifically correct, and "streamlined"—if we may use a term already becoming trite—to the better use of this Plastic Age in which we are living, gathers in strength and acceptance.

* Other nations officially on record as approving the World Calendar: Afghanistan, Chile, China, Estonia, Greece, Hungary, Mexico, Norway, Panama, Peru, Spain, Turkey, and Uruguay.

** These include the Seventh American Scientific Congress, American Philosophical Society, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Institute of Radio Engineers, London Chamber of Commerce, Association of British Chambers of Commerce, New York State Chamber of Commerce, National Education Association, World Federation of Education Associations, General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.



No! Says:

Charles A. Darland

THE Moline, Illinois, *Rotary Smile* has introduced "Charlie" Darland, its editor and Secretary of the Moline Club, to many Clubs. Retired from business, he knows about time!

WHEN I ACCEPTED the assignment to settle for all time this question of changing our present calendar, I had no idea of the hundreds of prominent men and women — especially women — various groups, and organizations that are lined up in favor of a change. Had I known I would not have had the temerity to enter this debate. I find the main idea of all these persons and groups is that a change in the calendar is absolutely necessary even though they cannot agree among themselves as to what the change should be.

You will recall, either with pleasure and satisfaction or with disgust and dissatisfaction, the recent Presidential election. One news commentator credited the gain of the minority party to the fact that the independent voters and many others always voted against the "ins" because they disapproved of what the said "ins" had done in the preceding years.

From the material made available to me on this calendar change, it would appear that the ones favoring it are very much like the "outs" in that they desire a change regardless of its effect on the people and business of the countries where the present calendar is in use. The ones who favor the present form of calendar (and I believe they are legion) are saying nothing—or if

PROPOSED WORLD CALENDAR

FIRST QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
JAN	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
FEB					1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
MAR						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

91 DAYS

THIRD QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
JUL	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
AUG					1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
SEP						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

91 DAYS

SECOND QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
APR	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
MAY					1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
JUN						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

91 DAYS

FOURTH QUARTER

	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
OCT	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
NOV					1	2	3
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30		
DEC						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

91 DAYS

★ YEAR-END DAY, December Y or 31; an extra holiday, not in the week. Follows December 30 every year.

★★ LEAP-YEAR DAY, June L or 31; an extra holiday, not in the week. Follows June 30 in leap years.

EACH YEAR THE SAME. This 12-month, equal-quarter calendar is good every year. Each month has 26 workdays—plus Sundays. Each quarter is 91 days long—13 weeks. Each quarter begins on Sunday. Every year begins on Sunday. Year-End Day and Leap-Year Day are extra, intercalated days. They are always world-wide holidays.

they are, they have not put it in print.

The only thing the "changers" are agreed on is that a change in the calendar should and must be made, otherwise they will not be accountable for all the dire results that will follow.

One argument the "changers" present is that the change in the calendar would promote world peace. Well, if they have the idea that a change in the calendar will stop wars, they have my permission to have a few thousand or a million of them printed, and to start a calendar blitzkrieg. A million calendars would, I am thinking, last just about as long as a snowball in the lower regions from the standpoint of promoting peace. The idea that a new calendar will promote world peace is not only foolish, but also, in my opinion, absolutely silly.

BUT these "changers" are clever. Early in the game they got the women and their clubs lined up for a calendar change. That was easy, for they promised the good ladies that Easter would always come in April, which we all know furnishes more favorable weather than March for the display of new hats and the accompanying ensembles. If the trend in ladies' hats continues along present lines, it would be far better if they were never displayed.

However, the fact that the women and their clubs are working for the change is something to worry about, for every married man, at least, knows that when a woman makes up her mind she wants something, she goes after it and stays on the job until she gets it. Take the case of Susan B. Anthony. It was many, many years from the time she began her crusade for woman suffrage before it was brought to a successful conclusion and women were given the ballot. They also secured equal rights with men in our "taverns," known in pre-prohibition days as "saloons." I do not believe Susan ever anticipated this result.

I realize that because women and their clubs are for a change in the calendar it is not an argument against making a change. I set these facts down here merely as a warning to those who favor

the present calendar that they have a fight on their hands and that they should organize for the purpose of doing everything possible to prevent any change and fight fire with fire. A leader or group of leaders must be found if the present calendar is to survive the onslaughts of the organized groups now working for its destruction.

On December 25 of each year we have our Christmas, celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ, yet according to students of history, December 25 is not the anniversary of Jesus' birth. But does anyone register a complaint on this situation? Not that I ever heard, and I have never seen anyone tearing his hair because Washington's birthday is celebrated on February 22, yet it should be changed back to February 11. The "changers" are going to have Christmas on the same day of the week every year, regardless of whether Thanksgiving Day comes on the last or the next-to-the-last Thursday in November.

Both groups of "changers" are, or appear to be, very much worried also because merchants and manufacturers cannot make accurate comparisons of goods manufactured and sold, of payrolls, etc., in the weeks and months of one year with corresponding periods of the preceding year or years. My observation is that merchants and manufacturers are now and have in the past been able to make comparisons that are near enough for all practical purposes. For many years I was in a position where it was necessary for me to make these comparisons, so I believe I know whereof I write. I am frank to admit that these comparisons along about 1931 and 1932 were not very satisfactory, but the calendar had nothing to do with it, and if both the World and the International calendars had been on the job, they wouldn't have changed the unfavorable figures one iota.

With our present calendar we have an adjustment day every four years, to which we are so accustomed it does not create any comment other than the humorous remarks about our maiden ladies being privileged to propose marriage and get lifemates if they

possibly can. Under either the World Calendar or the International Calendar it is necessary to have an adjustment day every year for three years with two adjustment days during each fourth year. One of these days falls on the last day of December and is to be known as Year-End Day. The other falls on the last day of June and is to be known as Leap-Year Day. The present rights of our maiden ladies are not to be abrogated or abridged. The last day of December of each year and the last day of June in leap year will not be numbered, but will be "DEC Y" and "JUNE L." If anyone can show me that this is a simplification on or improvement in any way over our present calendar, I'll be willing to eat one or two of them before breakfast.

Of course, Old Mother Earth is responsible for all our calendar troubles, if any. I believe that when she started on her first trip around Old Sol, she had orders to complete the trip in exactly 360 days, no hours, no minutes, no seconds, but evidently she ran into a traffic jam or a few red lights, with the result that she came in under the wire 5.242221065 days late. However, she seems to have been satisfied with the time made on this first trip and for the past million, billion, or trillion years she has been making the trips at the same speed maintained during the first one. As the "changers" find it impossible to get her to speed up, their only recourse is to tinker with the calendar.

A FRIEND, upon learning that I was going to debate this question of the calendar, stated he was in favor of a change. He said he wanted New Year's Day moved to February 29 so we could have a New Year's Day headache once in four years instead of every year, as under our present calendar. And I think his reason for a change has just as much, if not more merit than the ones advanced by the real "changers." While a New Year's headache lasts only about 24 hours, if these "changers" are successful in their efforts the whole world will have a headache for 15 or 20 years following the change.

Change the calendar? I say, "NO, a thousand times NO!"

Robert M. Hyatt presents

Your Friend, Mr. Smoke Jumper

MILES OFF, a stringy gray wisp rises like incense from the dull green brazier of a great forest in the Rockies. Smoke! Even before the patrol plane can reach it, the plume is a billowing whorl fed by intermittent flashes of orange-red flame galloping through the brush.

To report the blaze by radio to the ranger station takes but a second. But to get the fire fighters in by land, on foot and horseback over trails and through underbrush, will take hours—hours in which thousands of acres of timber will become ashes, and an untold number of wild animals and nesting birds will perish.

But Uncle Sam's forest-fire fighters have learned how to cut those hours to minutes. While the fire truck speeds along the nearest road, followed by other truckloads of men, equipment, and supplies—even water—another patrol plane speeds aloft. From it drop parachutists—"smoke jumpers," they're called in the Forest Service—to stay the flames. And a brave, daredevil crew they are, floating down out of the clouds in their 25th-Century suits.

Can you picture a composite football halfback, a baseball umpire, a Martian, and a deep-sea diver? That's the smoke jumper, ready to bail out. His two-piece ensemble is of strong duck, heavily padded with sponge rubber for protection against trees and rocks (dropping in a thick stand of lodge-pole pines is called a "featherbed" landing). A helmet shields the face from lashing branches. Once on terra firma, a pull at the zippered suit, and Mr. Smoke Jumper is ready to go to work.

Let's climb into one of these suits and make a service hop.

As we step into the idling ship, we notice that the doorway—extra large to facilitate the dumping of cumbersome fire-fighting equipment—has no door. "But have no fear, tenderwing," says the pilot's grin as he snaps our heavy safety belt.

The motor bellows wrathfully, the trim plane hops, skips, and jumps into the air; before we know it we are soaring at 1,000 feet. We keep that altitude while we search for the fire reported. There it is—off to the south. We approach it into the wind.

Meanwhile our smoke-jumper companion has been making a final check of the equipment 'chute which will be tossed out first, in order to check wind



MAN FROM MARS? No, a forest-fire fighter—ready for a skybound assignment dressed in his smoke-jumping ensemble. It's heavily padded for protection against sharp rocks and trees.

drift and thus indicate the best place to jump.

"Let 'er go!"

The long yellow streamer tied to the 'chute snaps into a vertical ribbon as the ten-foot canopy pops open and begins its 40-foot-per-second drop. We circle and watch the descent. It lands 50 yards from the blaze, out of the path of the flames.

We bank sharply and come into the

wind again. The pilot shouts, "Now!"

Our smoke-jumper friend leaps outward. We watch him fall, see the big 30-foot white silk umbrella open above him, notice the guiding flaps the Forest Service has developed. In two or three minutes he lands, guiding himself almost to the spot where the yellow streamer marks the landing place of the equipment 'chute.

We're heading into the wind once



IN THE FORESTS, smoke means fire—and the plane takes off. The wisp of smoke is spotted and overboard go equipment and supplies . . . follow the smoke ju

more. "Okeh, buddie—it's your turn!"

For one choking moment we hesitate. But we are determined to see this thing through. With our heart in our mouth, we plunge into emptiness. Down—down—our stomach crowding upward and the terrifying phalanx of green-tipped spears rushing to impale us. We've been warned to wait a minute before jerking the ripcord ring. Comes the horrible thought: what if the thing doesn't work! There is an explosion overhead, our body bounces. Why, we've pulled the ring without knowing it! Now we're floating down gently as a feather on the breeze.

THE SPEAR points lose much of their frightful aspects as we near them. We find that by pulling the guidelines this way and that we can actually steer the 'chute. We overshoot the yellow streamer somewhat; that slight hesitation aloft has cost us 20 yards below.

Swish! Zing! Slap! We're dropping through a smother of up-rushing branches. Involuntarily we blink our eyes, thankful for the heavy face guard. "Don't grab. Keep your hands close to your body." We remember this warning just in time, but the temptation to reach out and grasp one of those friendly looking limbs is almost irresistible. We come to a jarring halt six feet off the ground. It is a small matter to un-snap the harness fastenings and drop to the soft mat of pine needles.

We climb out of our suit and fight our way through the underbrush to where our friend—let's call him Mac—is already matching tricks with the fast-

marching blaze. He jerks a thumb toward the fire-fighting tools which the equipment 'chute brought down. It also carried two days' rations, a lamp, a canteen of water, and a first-aid kit. We sheepishly put away our notebook and take up a pick. During the next few minutes we learn that wielding a pick raises blisters a pencil never did!

We dig, chop, slash. We carve a wide fire trail, right down to the bare earth, across the path of the flames. We cough and sputter, and perspiration streams into stinging eyes.

"That ought to hold her!" Mac yells above the crash and crackle of the approaching flames, "until the crew gets here. If she jumps—" He shrugs and squats down before a little box we hadn't noticed. Clapping headphones on, he adjusts some gadgets and begins barking into the transmitter. Radio! Every smoke jumper carries one—a small, two-way job with which he keeps in contact with pilots and ranger stations.

Mac is having trouble. "Can't hear you!" he shouts into the speaking unit. An astonishing thing then occurs. A stentorian voice bellows out of the very clouds above us:

"Okeh. You're coming through all right. Can you hold her back an hour?"

"Yeah—if the wind doesn't change."

Mac notes our look of wonder; grins.

"Voice amplifier on the plane," he explains. "In a case like this—receiver 'on the fritz'—it comes in handy. If you think *that's* loud—say, he can tune that dinkus so you can hear him two miles away!"

We learn later that the voice amplifier, an innovation on Forest Service planes, is one of its most important aids and has many uses: for directing smoke chasers to the scene of fires, for advising ground crews of the occurrence and location of spot fires, and in searching for lost persons. It will receive wide application in the future.

During this breather we glance at our watch and are surprised to note that scarcely half an hour has elapsed since we left the flying field, some 20 miles away. It will be at least another hour before the crew gets here. Had we not "dropped in" when we did and checked the advance of the blaze at its inception, it's a safe bet that many acres of valuable timber would be blackened stumps. We expand a bit, feeling pride in our part in fighting this "red menace."

BUT there is no pride in the thought that this fire has just nine chances in ten of having been started by carelessness! Figures compiled by the Forest Service show that careless smokers and campers alone cause one-third of the 150,000 forest fires each year, and other man-made causes create more than half of the remainder. Against this enemy the airplane plays an increasing rôle.

Though it has used planes for 20 years, the Forest Service did not own a single ship until August, 1938. Prior to that, all planes employed in forestry duties were privately owned, used under contract.

When it had acquired its first new highly prized "baby," the Service went



All photos: U. S. Forest Service

the smoke jumper. Into a smother of green branches he drops—within a few yards of the flames.

in search of a crack pilot—"engineer pilot," he's called. The qualities set up were supercolossal. He must have a bachelor's degree with a major in engineering, mathematics, or physics. He must have 500 flying hours of piloting experience, hold a transport license, and have qualified for a rating as aerial bomber in either the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps—or have dropped at least 25 bombs while acting as bomber and demonstrated his ability to score an uncanny number of hits.

Back of this requirement for bombing accuracy lies an experiment, carried on over several years, of bombing small fires with extinguishing bombs. Because of drafts and the large areas involved, this has been only indifferently successful, but the same accuracy has been turned to good account in dropping equipment 'chutes and men at the nearest effective point. This is a peacetime application of the military tactics worked out by the Russians and Germans in their now-famed parachute-troop technique.

The inauguration of smoke jumpers brought about other innovations increasing the efficiency of the forest aviators. A system of landing fields to facilitate timberland flying and to provide havens of safety in cases of emergency has been mapped out. Already in the vast national forests spread over the Rocky Mountain, Sierra, and Cascade ranges, about 75 fields have been constructed.

As a further method of safety for Service fliers and as an aid to all transport pilots crossing forest terrain, it has

been proposed that the roofs of lookout houses—most of them are prominently located on mountain tops—be painted with numbers to coincide with numbers oriented on fliers' maps. There are more than 3,500 of these houses. The work has been started in a few localized areas, and eventually the Forest Service and Civil Aeronautics Authority will carry it out from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

For the Interested Reader

Experts of the United States Forest Service cooperated in the preparation of this article—for Uncle Sam is eager to tell his public what is being done to safeguard his economic and scenic resources. Those who go to Rotary's Convention at Denver, Colorado, June 15-20, will probably see some of the 175 million acres of national forest, for much of it lies along the slopes of the Rockies.

Here are a few books for those desiring to read up on Uncle Sam's forest wealth:

The Nation's Forests (Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$3), by William Atherton DuPuy. Stresses their economic importance.

Sagas of the Evergreens (W. W. Norton, N. Y., \$3.50), by Rotarian Frank H. Lamb, Hoquiam, Washington. A beautifully illustrated treatise on the conifers of the world.

Forestry and Lumbering (Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y., \$1.50), by Josephine Perry and Celeste Slauson. A remarkably succinct account of trees from seedlings to planks.

Romance of the National Parks (Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$3), by Harlean James. Almost a guidebook for the Denver Convention-goer.

You Must Do It Yourself

By R. E. Vernor

Manager, Fire Prevention Department,
Western Actuarial Bureau, Chicago;
Past Rotary District Governor

One tradesman cannot correct bad craft practice alone, but a trade association can—especially when it is implemented with a voluntary code of fair practices.

TEN YEARS AGO you might have purchased a Hudson seal coat. Today you cannot—but you can have a dyed muskrat coat, which is the same as Hudson seal used to be. The furriers had no intention of misrepresenting: everybody in the trade knew that dyed muskrat it was, and a very good fur indeed. Prospective purchasers were readily told that it was merely a trade name.

But the furriers became conscious that they were, innocently enough, misrepresenting, and they decided to clear up the situation. It is no longer a fair trade practice to call dyed muskrat anything but dyed muskrat.

They did it themselves.

In the restaurant business, hams cured a certain way were regularly called Virginia hams. They might come from Omaha or Chicago, but Virginia hams they were on the bill of fare. When the trade association decided to cease this innocent misrepresentation, many were amused by the implication that a trade name could be so misunderstood. But today, Virginia ham means not only a curing, but a ham from Virginia, just as filet of haddock has replaced the misnamed filet of sole—which comes from the English fish, not an American one.

They did it themselves!

What brought about this quickening of commercial conscience? It was not the demand of milady that caused the furriers to change their trade names, for she was as satisfied with Hudson seal as she is with dyed muskrat. Nor were there complaints from loyal Virginians that the hams they enjoyed did not come from the banks of the Rappahannock. But for the past 50 years there has been a growing conscience among businessmen of their privileges and duties as representatives of their chosen craft, profession, or trade, and this has found expression and activity in the trade, craft, or professional association: the means of doing it yourself—collectively.

To many it would seem that this is so obvious that there is no point even in mention of it. But last year, the Vocational Service member of the Aims and Objects Committee of Rotary International made a survey. That survey shows that the message that *you must do it yourself* has yet to reach many Rotarians.

Of those answering, only 60 percent belonged to their national or international craft, trade, or professional associations. This means that four out of ten Rotarians have still to take their place in the work of doing that which *they must do themselves*.

What do these associations do? Their possibilities are endless, and what they have already accomplished is merely the forerunner of what they—which means you—will do for themselves. I have cited a few examples of the awakening of a trade conscience. But that is only the start.

For one thing, many trade associations have attacked a problem of cost accounting. In order to know how you stand with your profit-and-loss account, you must have a reliable system of cost accounting. Almost all businesses of modest size use a trial-and-error sys-

tem which has grown up with the business and which seems to work—often does work—until the time comes when a penny more or less makes the difference between net profit and net loss.

But the average small business cannot afford a trained cost accountant. Cost systems are sometimes expensive to install, though easy to maintain, and the original cost may run to more than the prospective annual returns. However, there are literally scores of trade associations which have found that one basic method can be worked out on the basis of the experience of ten or even less members by a man trained in the work of cost accounting and furnished to the members as a service of the association.

There are many businesses which would be bankrupted by the services of expensive legal counsel in Washington or the State capitals, and which yet need legal advice on the changing laws on employment, taxes, interstate commerce, and the like. Trade associations, however, can maintain such contacts, even with full fees attached, at a very small cost to the individual member.

Manufacturers of heavy merchandise often keep a central traffic bureau, which employs a number of men constantly checking the changing freight tariffs to find the lowest, best rate; and which checks freight bills and makes claims for overcharges. These bureaus are, of course, too expensive for the small manufacturer: they are often maintained at ridiculously low cost to each participant by a craft or trade association.

Many professional and craft associations maintain a library of scarce and out-of-print material that is needed by their members. Thus, at the cost of a year's dues, material that otherwise might benefit only a few fortunate individuals or firms is made available to all.

It is almost needless to mention the trade-information services of many associations—who needs what and when, who is contemplating what changes. More particularly, the credit experience of one is made available for all. If John Doe is having trouble with Richard Roe, he tells his competitors about it—because they will, in turn, keep him from being stuck by Mary Moe.

In a certain association we have an

A Condensed History of Rotary and Codes of Ethics

1910 Paul P. Harris appointed Arthur F. Sheldon as Chairman of the first Committee on Business Methods.

1915 The Rotary Code of Ethics for all businessmen adopted at the San Francisco Convention.

1916 The Cincinnati Convention received a report urging adoption of craft or trade codes by Rotarians.

1921 After disruption by war, Business Methods Committee urged Rotarians to enter actively into their craft associations and work for codes.

1924 First pamphlet *Codes of Standards of Correct Practices* written by Guy Gundaker; contained concrete suggestions for writing codes.

1932 An Ad Hoc Committee prepared the statement entitled *My Vocation*.

1933 The National Industrial Recovery Act imposed code formation on business as a whole in the United States.

1935 The Supreme Court declared NRA unconstitutional. High standards in business again became personal matter.

1936 Rotary's Directors again called on Rotarians to renew efforts to establish and maintain voluntary codes of fair trade.

1939 Emphasis shifted anew to codes of fair practices.



THESE ROTARIANS drafted Rotary's first Code of Ethics: (standing) Murphy, Knutson, Hutton; (seated) Williges, Perkins, and Whittimore.

outstanding example of one service of a trade association. Rotarian Alvin B. Carder, of Chicago, is a member who developed a new system of serving appetizing steaks, known as "sizzling steaks." This was a patentable process, but "Al" did not capitalize on it. He gave it to the trade, in exchange for the ideas his association had given him in his 17 years as a member.*

"Al" Carder was putting into force the influence of the strongest weapon in the armory of the trade association—the code of ethics. He was exemplifying the intangible something that a craft code of ethics implants.

Codes of ethics are neither new nor old. Hammurabi imposed one on the traders in Babylon about 4,000 years ago. Galen and Hippocrates established one for doctors that has served as a model for centuries. But while the idea is not entirely new for business, it was more honored in the breach than in the observance until a few decades ago.

As early as 1909, the Chicago Rotary Club issued a code of "shall nots" to prevent improper use of Rotary membership. Rotary's 1913 Convention ap-

pointed an *Ad Hoc* Committee on the matter of codes of fair practice. At the San Francisco Convention in 1915 the Rotary Code of Ethics was adopted. For many years this Code was the basis of Vocational Service.

But in the passing years, things were happening. Between 1921 and 1933, over 200 codes of ethics were adopted by trade and craft associations, through the direct influence of their Rotary members. During that period appeared the Rotary International bulletin *Codes of Standards of Correct Practice*. Between 1915 and 1933 THE ROTARIAN published nearly a score of articles on codes and their framing.

In 1933 the National Recovery Administration took over, within the United States, the making of codes and also many of the makers of Rotary codes into Government service. In many cases the code authority was none other than the self-policed association of the trade itself; and in most cases where records are available, these associations were Rotary inspired.

When the Supreme Court wrote the doom of the "Blue Eagle," Rotary resumed its work on codes of ethics. In the January, 1936, issue of THE ROTARIAN, the article *Whither Voluntary Codes?*, by John T. Flynn, gave expres-

sion to the need for renewed effort in this field; and Vocational Service again gave attention to the expansion of the ideal of every member taking part in his own trade or professional group and to work to arm that association with a code of fair practices.

It is significant that many industries, including some that had been the chief opponents of codes before the National Recovery Act gave them no option, adhered 100 percent to the codes after the law had been voided.

In order to keep business in the high repute it deserves, the strength of trade associations—national, state, and local—must be increased. Each of these organizations must be implemented with a code of ethics, just as Rotary, implemented with a Vocational Service ideal, became so much stronger, so much more real and practical.

This is what *you* must do so that your business, craft, or profession may exemplify the highest contribution to humanity that is the ideal of the Second Object of Rotary: "High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society."

BUT—you must do it yourself!

*See *Sizzling Steaks: Food for Thought*, by Arthur W. Van Vlissingen, Jr., THE ROTARIAN, September, 1936.

I Cover a Rotary Institute By The Scratchpad Man

OLD MAN RIVER just kept rollin' along as we rolled up . . . but across the scudding water on the Missouri side, dawn had begun to bronze the mill stacks and campus towers. A steamboat on the landing greeted the morning with a white-plumed blast. A factory whistle answered. Cape Girardeau was waking up.

"I'm sending you and your haound Scoopy there to cover a Rotary Institute of Understanding—not to see the sights." That's what my chief, the Editor, had said, and the sudden memory of it jolted me out of my rhapsody. So we crossed the bridge into town and ate breakfast. Between wheatcakes I learned that "The Cape," as local folks endear it, dates way back to 1793, and once was under Spanish dominion. But I saw later that for

all its venerable grace, this city of 16,500 is modern and very busy.

Came noon, and I popped in at a meeting of the Cape Girardeau Rotary Club. The 59 members were talking mostly about the Institute they were sponsoring that evening. Afterward, several of them took the man who was to speak, an engaging cosmopolite named Eric Grimwade, on a tour—and I tagged along.

Nightfall brought the Institute. At 8 o'clock I took my seat in the hall. Around me were men and women young and old, Rotarians and non- . . . all eager to hear and to learn. And they did—from Mr. Grimwade. He talked on "Human Values in a Changing World," and when he had finished, he faced a barrage of questions. It gave me a thrill, as I sat there, to think

that in over 200 other communities there would be Institutes this year, with four lectures each; that they'd draw a total audience of about 2 million persons; that Rotary Clubs would be back of them all—singlehandedly or with other civic groups. I noted with approval this year's theme—"We Face a Poorer World"—which ties in with THE ROTARIAN series.

The Cape's Institute may not have been typical in size—it came on a national holiday, which reduced the turnout and also prevented the speaker's usual talk to the high school—but it *was* typical of all other Institutes in this: it set folks to thinking broadly, factually. It gave them an authoritative base for their opinions. And it gave them an intellectual "kick" such as few would get elsewhere.



ON HIS Fall visit to "the Cape" Club, Governor W. W. Martin had mentioned Institutes.



AT THIS, members had hunched forward, for the idea seemed laden with local possibilities. As Rotary District chief went on, they learned more about this public educator—and voted to go ahead.

BELOW: Past International Director A. L. Oliver, a member here, showed President H. I. Himmelberger how Institutes and THE ROTARIAN tie.



THE BIG assignment, chairmanship of the Institute, fell to Rush Limbough, who sat in many a planning parley.



SUCH Past Presidents as C. W. Boutin, phone-company head, came through with good counsel on the many details clamoring to be settled: location, ticket distribution, and public



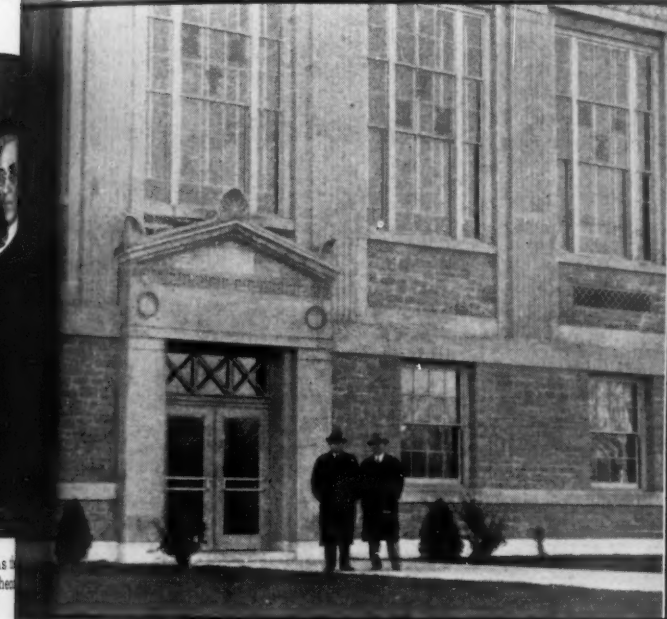


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COMES the day of the Institute—and about noon Eric Grimwade, the speaker of the evening, pulls into town and takes a hotel room—where he is suddenly beleaguered by four news-hungry high-school journalists.

Afternoon sees Mr. Grimwade on an auto tour of "the Cape" and environs. Meeting a small huntsman with a large goose en route, he stops to offer congratulations (right) and to dub the excursion "a wild-geese chase."



A GLIMPSE of the hall in which the Institute is to be held—a building on the State Teachers' College campus—ends the afternoon tour.

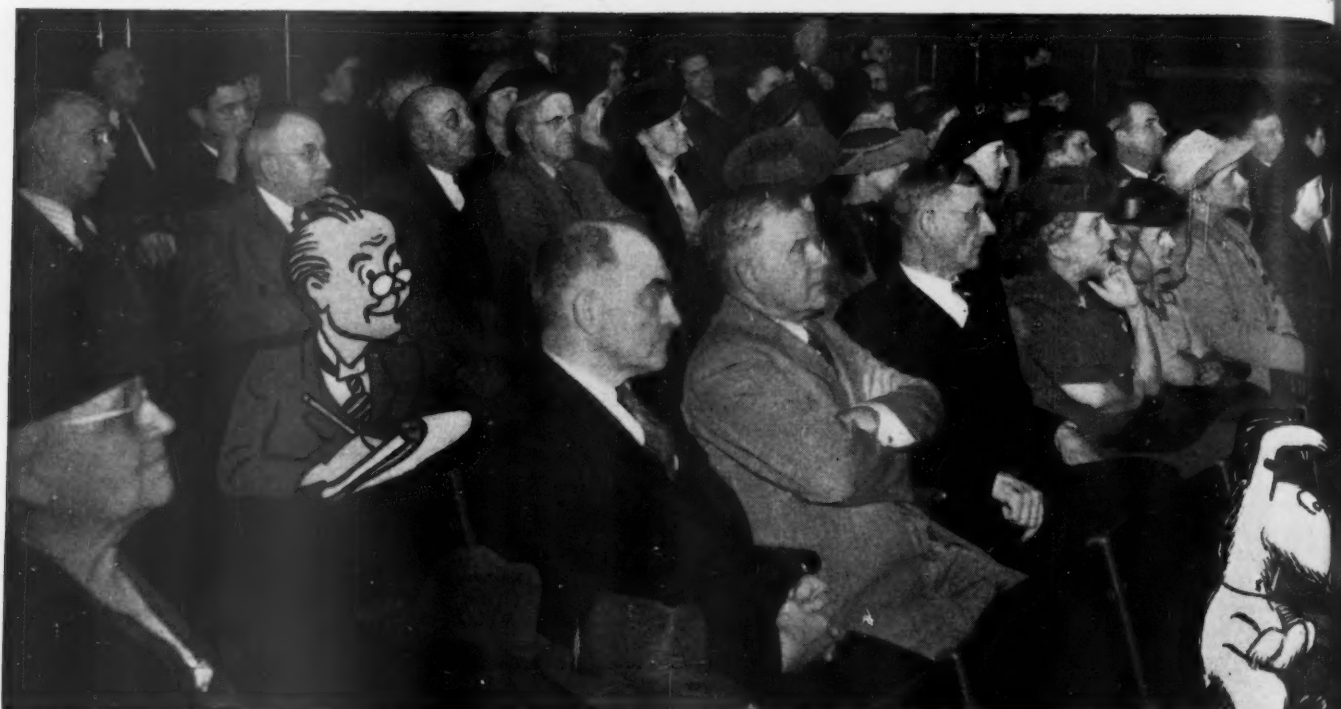


THE HOUR almost at hand, Messrs. Grimwade, Oliver, and Limbough make a final check on program order. . . . Then the Institute begins (below).





SPEAKER GRIMWADE in action—thrice. Behind his words are years of experience in England, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain—indeed, all Europe.



THE AUDIENCE represents all classes, creeds, and ages—which is typical of all Institutes of Understanding. Behind these passive attitudes questions are beginning to ferment—to pop later in the forum period.

LONG AFTER the program ends, Cape Girardeauans still hem in Grimwade (below), eager for more of his views. Finally the janitor turns out the house lights—bringing to its close a highly successful evening.



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Helping Rotarians Keep Courage

DOWNTOWN SHOPPERS in Holton, Kansas, had reason to stop and stare one noon a few weeks ago. Along the street came some of the town's top merchants and doctors and lawyers, each with a bottle of milk in his hand—or bulging from his pocket. All filed into the Hotel Holton.

Once inside, in the dining-room, the 35 Rotarians—for that's who these men were—thumped their bottles down on the tables, bowed heads for an invocation, sang *America*, and sat down to a Rotary luncheon of milk—and a few squares of cornbread. Slim fare for men who like their roast beef, fruit salad, and apple pie with cheese as well as the next fellow. But slim by design . . . for when the Club treasurer came down the line, every man paid the price of a regular luncheon. What was collected, minus a few cents for the cornbread—made a nice-sized check for the Rotary Relief Fund. Holton Rotarians may have eaten double-sized suppers that night. I don't know. I do know that at noon—at a 100 percent meeting—they tried going without so that they could give.

For many months now you have been reading or hearing about "Rotary Relief," but what that means and entails may not be wholly clear to you. It is my purpose in these few paragraphs to bring you up to date on the program.

Down in Havana last June, while news poured in of the fall of the Low Countries and of the retreat of the French, Rotary's 1940 Convention authorized the establishment and distribution of a Rotary Relief Fund "to be used for the alleviation of suffering among, and the rehabilitation of, Rotarians and their families in any part of the world where such need may exist, resulting from world conflicts." An appeal was to be made to all Clubs and Rotarians. All contributions were to be made on a voluntary basis and in addition to, not in place of, gifts which would ordinarily be made to general relief agencies.

IT HAS ALL worked out that way—not spectacularly but gratifyingly. Let me explain. There has been no high-pressure campaign for funds. Yet the contributions are coming in. Listen to the list of countries from which they have come: Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Puerto Rico, Honduras, El Salvador, Venezuela, Netherlands West Indies, India, Switzerland, Canada, and the United States. Thirty of the 43 Clubs in a District in an Eastern State have contributed—and that's to be 100 per-

By Lewis A. Hird

*Chairman, Rotary Relief Fund;
New York City*

ONE of several heaps of chocolate, cheese, tea, dried fruit, and other foods sent to Rotarian prisoners of war in Europe. Money from the Rotary Relief Fund bought the supplies.



cent soon, they tell us. Five little Clubs in District 44 (Venezuela and the Netherlands West Indies) sent in a lumped gift as yet unequalled in size by any five other Clubs in one District.

And so the Fund grows. But now, you want to know, where is it going? A portion of it has been going to distressed Rotarians of Europe—under the careful supervision of Rotary's Continental European Office at Zurich, Switzerland. For instance, a group of Belgian Rotarians who were forced to flee their homes are now in the Southern part of France—and are penniless. The Zurich Office is making every effort to get money to these Rotarians in small amounts to provide them the necessities of life until they can find their feet again. Requests for help coming from England are to have the approval of and to be disbursed by the London Office of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland.

If you had visited Rotary's Central Office in Chicago recently, you might have believed the shipping room to be a grocery store. Tables were piled high with packages of chocolate, canned milk, soap, tea, cheese, meat, dried fruit, medicines, and cigarettes. All these goods were being packed in small parcels for shipment to Rotarians who are prisoners of war interned in Continental Europe, and were sent through channels arranged by the Red Cross. That's where a bit more of the Rotary Relief Fund has gone. Funds have also been sent to the two District Governors in China for their use in giving aid to Chinese Rotarians who may be in need of assistance.

If you read Past President Walter D. Head's article on Rotary Relief in the September *ROTARIAN*, you know about Rotary's Refugee Placement Committee. A considerable sum from the Fund has been disbursed through it to enable Rotarians in Canada to receive and place children from the homes of British

Rotarians in the homes of Rotarians in Canada. While much work has been done and some money spent in setting up the machinery for the reception of such children in Rotary homes in the United States, also, the whole plan is in suspense at present, because the British Government has prohibited further evacuations.

THIS is a deeply human business, all this Rotary relief work (all phases of which cannot be covered here).^{*} And the correspondence growing up with it compresses much heartbreak and yet much hope. But of all the letters therein, the happiest one is from a Rotarian's mother in England. Last Spring her soldier son was captured and placed in a prison camp on the Continent. That much the mother knew—but no more. For months she wrote to him, but received no answer. And he had been writing to her with the same futile result. At length he turned to Rotary, writing to its Central Office in Chicago to ask if it could get word of his safety and good health to his mother. It could and did—by a cable to his own Rotary Club which broke the good news to his worried family. Since then the mother and son, who are separated by only a little more than the English Channel, have exchanged letters by way of Chicago. You can probably imagine the gratitude in the mother's letter of thanks to Rotary.

A little kindness, a little giving, go a long way in our sick world.

^{*}One such phase, which is distinct and separate from the Relief Fund but a large part of Rotary's whole effort to help distressed humanity, is the disbursement of \$50,000 from Rotary's surplus funds for civilian relief. This also was authorized by the 1940 Convention. Half of the sum went at once to the International Red Cross; then \$5,000 (Canadian) to the Canadian Red Cross; \$5,000 to the American Red Cross; £1,000 to the British Red Cross; \$2,000 to the Chinese Red Cross; £2,500 to Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland to be used for any forms of civilian relief it should select.



Rotary Reporter

Serves Children, Blind, Beauty

Children from the various orphanages and homes of NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND, were entertained recently at a picnic and later a picture show and tea by the NAPIER Rotary Club. The Club also arranged a party for the Blind Institute, and a concert by the Institute band raised more than £60 for the institution's funds. The Club further suggested a horticultural so-

school. Youngsters attending will be given certificates entitling them to license tags without charge.

Booklets Urge Highway Safety

Printing and distributing 5,000 copies of the India highway code to promote a safety-first program was a recent activity of the LUCKNOW, INDIA, Rotary Club's Community Service Committee. The Club also has coöperated in the drafting of a vagrancy bill.

Show Styles to Aid Red Cross

Rotarians in LIBERAL, KANS., who have caught their breath some time or other when "wife" announced she was off for the style show, recently turned the tables. They sponsored a style show, and turned over a sizable profit to the Red Cross.

'A Friend' Helps a New Club

The one-year-old Rotary Club of FOWLER, IND., recently received a draft for \$5 with this letter: "Kindly accept the small money contribution enclosed, from a visitor. On several occasions you have contributed

this is only one lane of a six-lane highway of International Service undertaken this year. The others include contests at the University of Miami and the high schools on Latin-American subjects and various outside talks to the Club on Pan-American topics.

Insulin for Diabetic Boy

To help a boy regain his health, the Rotary Club of QUAKERTOWN, PA., is pledging the necessary insulin injections. The boy is one of the popular members of his class and a leader.

Wings for Teen-Age Boys

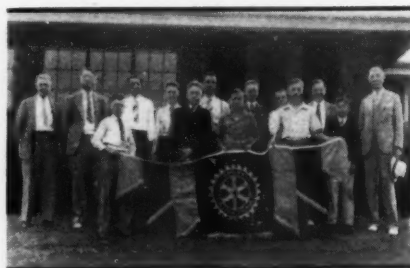
Boys 15 to 20 years old in DEDHAM, MASS., are now offered training in the various branches of the aircraft industry through sponsorship of the local Rotary Club. Starting with ground-school courses on Saturdays, the boys will be given an opportunity to work at the airport as vacancies occur.

Iron Lung for Polio Victim

BECKLEY, W. VA., Rotarians took the lead in securing an "iron lung" for their county, Raleigh, when a polio epidemic struck. Their gift of \$50 was among the first proffered.

100 Percent Brings Penalty

When the President and the Secretary of the SAN FERNANDO, CALIF., Rotary Club promised to walk six miles to the regular meeting of the ROSCOE, CALIF., Rotary Club if their members turned out 100 percent for a meeting, they evidently thought they were safe. But the Club members fooled them, turned out to the man, and followed in autos to see that they made good on their walk to Roscoe. They were met by William E. Burke, then President of the Roscoe Club, in top hat



THE RURAL Acquaintance Committee of the Newton, Kans., Club meets with rural-school graduates and urges "On to high school."

very considerably and satisfactorily to my physical and mental self-hood. The spirit of brotherliness is reflected in a very contagious manner; to be more appreciative of our neighbor's goodness. (Signed) A Thankful Friend."

One Float—Two Prizes

The PLEASANTON, TEX., Rotary Club built a float for the Wintergarden Fair at PEARSALL, TEX., winning first prize. Later the float was entered in the Atascosa County Fair at JOURDANTON, TEX. First again!

Miami Studies Pan America

Twenty-one members of the MIAMI, FLA., Rotary Club are giving 21 talks at 21 meetings on the 21 countries of the Pan American Union. At the end of the series a program quizzing the membership will be held. But



PRESIDENT Pereira visiting the San Bernardino, Calif., Club for a breakfast meeting.



ROTARIAN Dr. E. W. Balcom, director of the Nova Scotia Nursing Home, shown in the room furnished by the Wolfville, N. S., Rotary Club.

ciety a series of prizes for the best gardens in the borough, which has been organized into a competition.

'Milk Fund' Feeds Oregon's Needy

OREGON, ILL., Rotarians find an empty milk bottle on every table at every meeting into which they drop loose change. The sums thus raised furnish milk for needy students.

Wheelmen See an 'Eagle' Born

Rotarians of MANSFIELD, LA., have long known Boy Scouting through the support they have given Scouts, but now they know "how an Eagle is made." At a recent Club session the son of a Rotarian was awarded Scouting's highest honor, the Eagle badge, in a Court of Honor ceremony.

Eight Students Thank Abileners

The ABILENE, KANS., Rotary Club is small and has but 47 members, but its student loan fund did a big job during the last Rotary year. Eight worthy youngsters were aided in carrying on their studies.

City Promotes Bike Safety

So numerous have bicycles become in their town that the Rotary Club of PAWHUSKA, OKLA., and the city commissioners have initiated a campaign of safety education to protect young riders. In coöperation with city, State, and other agencies the Club is sponsoring a public safety bicycle

and tails, presenting the visitors with a key (three feet long) to the city. Wallace Winchester, now President, also received them—with a hula dance in native costume.

Business As Usual during Altercation The Rotary Club of STOCKTON & THORNABY, ENGLAND, carries on without dislocation of its programs, if a recent bulletin is any key. The speaker's subject at a recent meeting was cricket; a week later it was church music. The Club Secretary, Harold Soar, won a \$2 prize for his favorite story published in the October ROTARIAN, and the Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees acknowledged it—for a war fund.

Coming Rotary Events

January 27-31—The Board of Directors will meet in Chicago.

January 31—The Nominating Committee for the President of Rotary International will meet in Chicago.

January 27-31—"The Rotarian" Week, in celebration of the 30th anniversary of the founding of "The Rotarian."

January (exact date not set). Magazine Committee meeting in Chicago.

February 24-28—Rotary Week, in celebration of the 36th anniversary of the founding of Rotary.

June 15-20—International Convention at Denver, Colo.

Won't Part with Their Revistas

When the Rotary Club of PUEBLA, MEXICO, collected magazines for the prison libraries, Rotarian Marcos Mastretta, who originated the idea and was charged with carrying it out, reported that none of the PUEBLA Rotarians was willing to part with his REVISTA ROTARIA. Most explained they were keeping a file of them. However, Rotarian Mastretta did receive a full supply of current magazines for his project, most of which, he reports, were those whose subscription price is far more than that of REVISTA ROTARIA, which he thinks has a moral!

Rotary Friendships Survive War

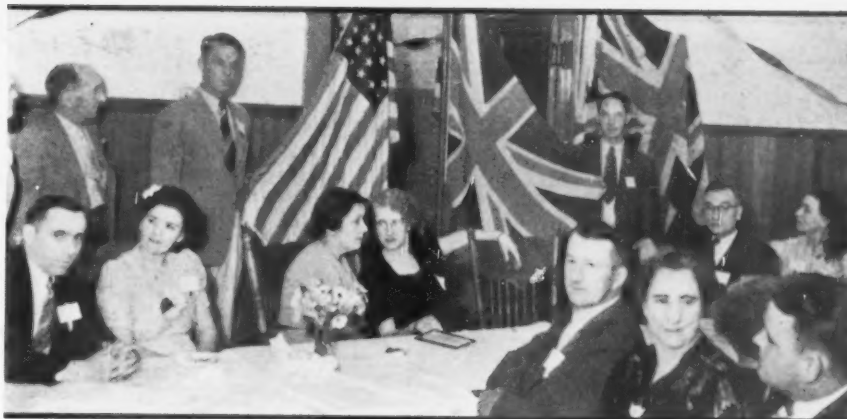
From Ray Evans, Governor of Rotary District 185, we learn that the Rotary Club of RONCEVERTE, W. VA., is acting as a forwarder of letters from England to Austria, between Rotary friends who met at the International Assembly at WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., in 1939.

International Service Meeting

Civil and military officials of LAREDO, TEX., were the guests of similar officials of MONTERREY, MEXICO, under leadership of Rotarians. The idea was suggested by the Mexican Consul at LAREDO, Efrain Dominguez, Vice-President of the Rotary Club. Greetings in both English and Spanish by A. E. McCulloch, President of the LAREDO Club, featured the international aspects.

Clubs Hold Birthday Fêtes

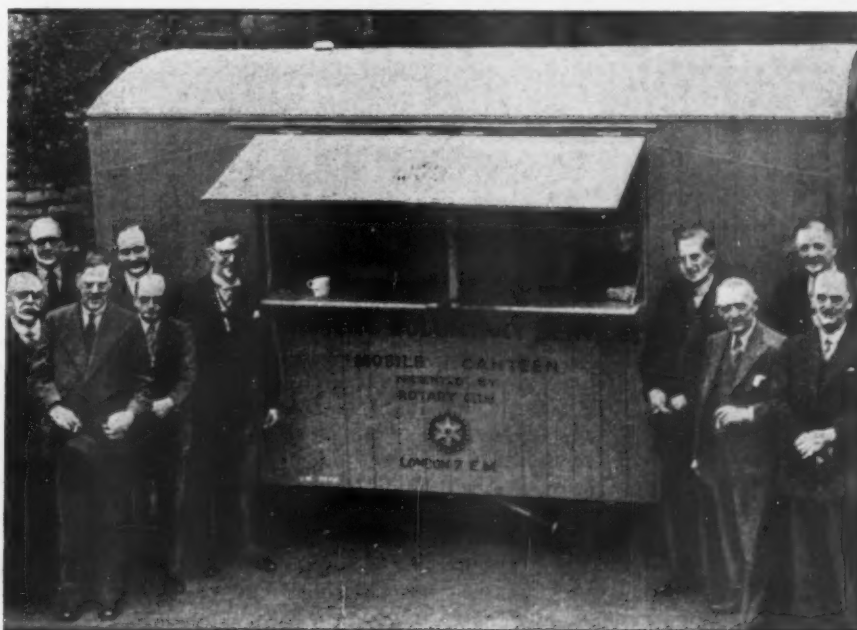
The WICHITA FALLS, TEX., Rotary Club celebrated its 25th anniversary recently with a regular



AN INTERNATIONAL intercity meeting at Cranbrook, B. C., Canada, attended by Rotarians from Kalispell and Whitefish, Mont., and Fernie and Cranbrook, B. C., and their ladies.



CUDJO'S CAVE, background for a famous "thriller" of a generation past, was the scene of a feast at a recent Middlesborough, Ky., Rotary Club meeting held in its spooky depths.



THE EAST HAM, England, Rotary Club presented this mobile canteen to its borough. It furnishes food and hot drinks to servicemen and to those experiencing air raids. It is being administered by the Women's Voluntary Services, and has already seen service.



FOR 21 YEARS the Rotary orchestra of the Wheeling, W. Va., Rotary Club has entertained members and guests. This picture was taken at the orchestra's birthday celebration.

luncheon meeting at which many charter members were present. . . . The DURHAM, N. C., Rotary Club celebrated its 25th anniversary with a ladies' night party. . . . Another Club celebrating its 25th anniversary in recent months is CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Crippled Children Aided by Santos The report of the Crippled Children Committee of the SANTOS, BRAZIL, Rotary Club shows that



Photo: J. A. Smith

SIX MINNESOTA and Ontario, Canada, Clubs listened to Canadian Senator N. M. Paterson at the Fort William, Ont., goodwill meeting.



Photo: Cornelius Smith

SEDLEY PECK, native of Azusa, Calif., and Paris supervisor of the American Volunteer Ambulance Corps, was the guest of his hometown Rotary Club at a recent intercity meeting at which 25 Clubs were represented.

in one year orthopedic apparatus was furnished for 23 children and 27 were furnished with necessary operative treatment. In all, 76 crippled children benefited by the year's work.

Children and Trees Benefit The Children's Playground at MARYBOROUGH, AUSTRALIA, has recently been completed by the Rotary Club of that city. At present engaged

in planting an avenue of trees lining the 20 miles to PIALBA, the Club is also discussing the possibilities of a communal forest for the city.

Coolie Children to Have Schools Through the efforts of Rotarian Dr. K. V. Krishna, the Rotary Club of KUCHING, SARAWAK, has raised \$1,500 toward a fund for the education of South Indian coolie children there.

Rochester's 20th Intercity Meeting There were 75 Clubs represented at the 20th annual intercity meeting at ROCHESTER, N. Y., with 964 Rotarians from New York, Pennsylvania, and Canada making up this total.

Supply Milk for Hungry Children Rotary Clubs in Honduras are supplying free milk for undernourished children. The Rotary Club of PUERTO CORTES maintains a milk dispensary. SAN PEDRO SULA Rotarians provide free milk for children of the Hospital del Norte.

For the Best Rural Teacher The Rotary Club of TARIJA, BOLIVIA, has established an annual prize for the best rural teacher in the Province, which will be a cash award of an extra month's salary. The school authorities are cooperating.

Free Movies for Underprivileged Children of families on relief in SAN JOSE, URUGUAY, go to movies twice a week, thanks to the local Rotary Club. Entrance to the theater,



BRAZILIAN Rotarians travelled far to be present at the inter-Club meeting at which President Pereira spoke to his home Club, São Paulo, Brazil. One Uruguayan and 21 Brazilian Clubs were represented, and 125 non-Rotarian guests also heard the President's message.

whose owner is a Rotarian, is restricted to those with a relief card, for the relief budget does not permit of entrance money.

Club Selects Book-of-the-Year The Rotary Club of TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS, selects each year a book published in Honduras for an award as the "book-of-the-year." *Botanica*, edited by Rotarian Luis Landa, has received the current award.

Foreign-Trade Week Observed The Rotary Club of MANILA, PHILIPPINES, observed foreign-trade week, an institution important enough to be recognized by the Government with an issue of stamps, with a program at which the presidents of all chambers of commerce in the Commonwealth capital were guests of honor.

Money Gift Aids Fire Sufferers The Rotary Club of SINGAPORE, STRAITS SETTLEMENTS, sent \$100 Straits currency to the victims of a recent holocaust, donating through the Salvation Army. In addition, a like sum was given to a reformatory school so that a sports meet for the boys might be held.

Colombo Renders Civic Services Thirty underprivileged boys of COLOMBO, CEYLON, had a week's outing last August when the



Photo: Gerlach

ON THE ARRIVAL of the 202nd Coast Artillery from Chicago for training in Texas, El Paso Rotarians honored its officers at lunch.

local Rotary Club established a holiday camp for them. In addition, the Club collected clothes for children in slum areas, which were distributed by the Community Service Committee.

War Work and Rotary Rotary Clubs in Britain continue active in many fields of service. The Rotary Club of CROMER has aided in the establishment of a canteen and recreation room for the use of troops. . . . STIRLING took 30 wounded

soldiers for an auto trip. . . . MIDDLESBROUGH was the first to start an auto service for men on leave arriving after the busses ceased operating for the night. . . . HOLMFIRTH and SIDMOUTH have started an International Service program to acquaint Americans with activities. Each member of the latter Club sends a semiweekly bundle of newspapers to the Secretary of an American Club. . . . WINDSOR & ETON Rotarians gave a river trip for 110 old folks in place of the usual seaside excursion. . . . Members of the MAIDENHEAD Rotary Club take part in stewarding a canteen. . . . Rotary International in Britain and Ireland is nearing its goal of £10,000 for three X-ray mobile units and ambulances. . . . SMETHWICK has "adopted" H.M.S. *Whitethorn* and regularly dispatches parcels of books, cards, games, and special clothes. . . . WILLESDEN WEST Rotarians supply pipes and tobacco for shipwrecked seamen. . . . The BECKEN-

ROTARIAN'S Scratchpad Man last November, was on the *Niagara* when it struck a mine off New Zealand. . . . The Board of the HAMILTON, AUSTRALIA, Rotary Club has taken steps to form a Committee to assist with the entertainment and welfare of troops in training nearby. . . . NORTH SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, has donated £355 to the Commonwealth War Fund. . . . Children of the members of the STELLENBOSCH, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotary Club gave a concert for the benefit of the Refugee Fund among themselves, for themselves, and collected £5. . . . JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, Rotarians are collecting books and magazines for soldiers' camps.

Toronto Trains Its Youth

One of the most timely activities that the Rotary Club of Toronto, Ont., Canada, has attempted is the Rotary Youth Training Corps. This Corps is affiliated with the 48th High-

was formed, to be known as the Home Defense Committee, and the Boys Work Committee was asked to work in close cooperation with this new Committee.

Application was made to the Department of National Defense for permission to form a corps, and this authority was readily granted, as the general commanding officer of the district was heartily in favor of the plan.

The members of the Corps are young men between the ages of 16 and 19, who are all given a thorough medical examination before joining. The Corps uniforms are supplied by the Rotary Club, and the strength was set at 400.

The aim of this movement is to give these young men the maximum amount of beneficial physical training, to provide healthy recreation, and to train them in the fundamentals of military drill and procedure, so that, when the time comes that they desire to enter upon military service, their physical status will be improved and they will have an understanding of what military service entails.

The officers of the Corps are all Rotarians: Captain Charles E. Read, M.C., officer commanding; Captain John J. Wright, second in command; Captain Charles T. Croucher, M.C., commanding Company A; and Captain Charles D. Landell, Company B.

Other members serving as officers are



ON NOVEMBER 10, 1940, at Toronto, the entire regiment of Canada's 48th Highlanders paraded to and from church, in recognition of Armistice Day. Above is the Rotary-sponsored Youth Training Corps, attached to the regiment, as it "marched past": 250 strong. All told, there were 2,500 men in the parade, including the band (shown at the right), the men in service, the active Toronto militia, and World War veterans. . . . Started by the Toronto Rotary Club, the Youth Training Corps of the 48th Highlanders, for boys 16 to 19 years old, will probably be the forerunner of 100 or more corps attached to regular regiments and offering training to an estimated 40,000 to 50,000 more Canadian youths.



HAM Club "adopted" a vessel of the Navy which took part in the evacuation of Dunkirk. In acknowledging a parcel of tobacco, the crew reported on their activities: they made eight trips across, evacuated 1,000 men.

Many Clubs outside of Britain are likewise active: WHITBY, ONT., CANADA, is helping to support three *évacué* children from WHITBY, ENGLAND. . . . LINDSAY, ONT., CANADA, donated an ambulance. . . . BOMBAY, INDIA, has furnished a mobile canteen. . . . DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA, is cooperating with the placing of 64 *évacué* children. . . . FORTITUDE VALLEY, AUSTRALIA, recognizes its first name by raising over £75 for bombing victims. . . . WEST MAITLAND, AUSTRALIA, is helping to erect a recreation building for soldiers. . . . The Secretary of the SUVA, FIJI, Rotary Club, host to THE

landers of Canada, and is authorized by the Department of National Defense under the authority for cadet organizations.

Shortly after the war commenced, the Toronto Club tried to find a war activity which would be useful and yet would not overlap the activities undertaken by other service organizations. The genesis of the idea of the Training Corps came at a small meeting of members who had served in the World War of 1914-18 and several members who had always taken an active part in the Boys Work activities of the Club.

The idea, rather rough in form, was placed before the Directors of the Club, who immediately saw the possibilities of such a plan, as it really represented an extension of the Boys Work Committee's program. A new Committee

David A. Balfour, Walter A. Carveth, John S. Corrigan, William W. Duncan, J. Harry Ebbs, G. Eric Ellsworth, William F. Holding, Reginald W. Hopper, Robert E. Jacob, Fred A. McElwain, K. B. McKellar, Mayne D. McTaggart, W. Mark Mounfield, Arthur E. Ribey, J. Stanley Richards, Charles P. Templeton, and Ben Ward-Price.

The doctor members of the Club also volunteered to look after the medical examinations. The officers of the Corps provide themselves with their own uniforms, and devote approximately 12 hours a week to the project.

It is the hope of the Toronto Rotary Club and military authorities that this idea will spread to other Rotary and service clubs in Canada, and that eventually there will be from 40,000 to 50,000 youths in training.

Scratchpaddings

A UNIQUE AGAIN! You have heard of fellows who have served two Rotary Clubs as President? All right. Now add the name of ROTARIAN VIRGIL M. ROGERS, school superintendent at River Forest, Ill., who has been elected "Prexy" of three Clubs! THRICE-ELECTED PRESIDENT ROGERS served a full year as gavel wielder at Gunnison, Colo., was President-Elect at Delta, Colo., when he resigned to head the Boulder, Colo., school system. He served the Boulder Club a full year during his six-year residence there before moving to River Forest this year.

Portrait Painter. Noted for his portraits, ARTIST JOHN DOCTOROFF, a member of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., is quoted as saying his latest subject, WENDELL L. WILLKIE, was "the hardest in my life. It was like painting a moving picture."

Record Attendance? A unique attendance contest recently "just happened" in the 147th District. It started when the Rotary Club of Savanna, Ill., published its lifetime record for 18½ years: 91.25 percent. The Princeton, Ill., Club then discovered its 20-year lifetime average was a little better: 91.45 percent.

Proud Record. LAWYER GEORGE PROUD, of Arapahoe, Nebr., hadn't missed a Rotary Club meeting for 13 years. Then, just a few weeks ago, a serious accident hospitalized him for several weeks. But his record still stands. On the first meeting day he would have missed, fellow Club members hopped into cars, drove to McCook, Nebr., where he was hospitalized, held their meeting in his room. He himself was speaker of the day. Next week, in a wheel chair, he was able to attend at the Rotary Club of McCook. ROTARIAN PROUD's efforts to maintain his record were approved by his surgeon.

What Is the 'G.H.G.'? We cannot tell what the "G.H.G." may be, but who it is stands revealed in the picture on this page, recently uncovered in PRESIDENT PEREIRA's possession. Briefly, it is a non-organization unfounded at the Nice, France, Convention for Rotarians from various countries who understand fun. Its president is "SPIKE" (PRESIDENT EMERITUS PAUL P. HARRIS), who has no authority whatever. It is composed of nine members, eight of whom are here pictured, and two unpaid employees, who do nothing. Reading left to right, we have, standing, "NUTS" (PRESIDENT ARMANDO PEREIRA), "PUFF" (P. B. SCUR-

RAH, Victoria, B. C.), "SPIKE" (PAUL P. HARRIS), "GYF" (HAROLD DE BILDT, Cairo, Egypt), "POPPY" (AGRIPA POPESCU, Bucharest, Rumania), and "NAILS" (ANGUS MITCHELL, Melbourne, Australia). Kneeling are "POTS" (ALEX. POTTER, Secretariat), who is "Official Observer"; "MOUSTACHIO" (EMILE DECKERS, Antwerp, Belgium); and "SNAPS" (GEORGE HARRIS, Washington, D. C.), "Official Photographer by Appointment." Missing is "IRISH" (PAT MONTFORD, Dublin, Ireland). The "G.H.G." has no constitution nor by-laws, but any infringement of them is punishable by expulsion. Rule No. 1 to 100 inclusive of the rules of order is this: "When a member dies, he is required to resign."

Honors. LELAND P. HAMILTON, of Oneonta, N. Y., a Past District Governor, has been elected president of the American Institute of Laundering, with headquarters at Joliet, Ill. . . . ASA S. BACON, of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Ill., was honored when the American Hospital Association dedicated its library—the largest of its kind—to him. His fellow citizen, Rotarian, and hospitaller, DR. MALCOLM T. MACEachern, received another in a long string of honors when the Women's Hospital Aids Association

of the Province of Ontario presented a certificate of honor at a banquet in his honor. . . . "Operated by a Rotarian and on Rotary principles," the Chelsea (Mass.) *Evening Record* won the 1939 award of the National Editorial Association for community service. ROTARIAN-MANAGER HERBERT D. HANCOCK received notice of this in time to include it in his paper's 50th-anniversary edition in October. . . . DR. GEORGE GRAY, of the Rotary Club of Sweetwater, Tex., has been elected president of the Texas Public Health Association. . . . The Cross of the Commander of the Order of Phoenix has been conferred on ROTARIAN NESTOR NESTOROFF, of Ruse, Bulgaria, by the King of Greece. . . . ALDERMAN J. W. GARGETT, of the Stockton & Thornaby Rotary Club, was re-elected Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees, England, and ROTARIAN J. CLAPHAM, of the same Club, has been appointed justice of peace. . . . CHARLES A. DARLAND, Secretary of the Moline, Ill., Rotary Club and an author (as proved on page 35 of this issue of THE ROTARIAN), received the honorary 33rd degree in Masonry for the northern jurisdiction of the United States, Scottish Rite. . . . REV. HENRY E. ROMPEL—known to many a Rotarian as "DAD"—Past Governor of the old 40th District, recently was honored as the longest-service veteran Boy Scout in the Starved Rock (Illinois) area. A letter from JAMES E. WEST, national Scout executive, revealed "DAD" has been a Scout since the movement was organized in 1910. He is an honorary member of the Rotary Clubs of Ottawa and Streator, Ill.

Poet-Governor. Whether it was the distractions of office or the Muse, WALTER T. HELMS, of Richmond, Calif., Gov-



THIS IS the G.H.G. For further information (but not much) read the adjoining column. This picture, snapped at the Del Monte, Calif., International Assembly, is NOT by Harris.

ernor of the 105th District, has burst into rhyme:

To Our Committeemen

When you are put on a Committee
(I'm speaking to Jack and to Bill)
It isn't—doggone it!—
For honor you're on it;
But you have a DUTY to fill!

We all know, of course, you are busy,
And have a whole lot to do.
We know all about it;
You don't have to shout it—
But so are the rest of us, too!

Remember—you could have refused it
(And for that you couldn't be blamed),
But, though not elated,
Your smile indicated
You'd take it—and so you were named.

So now that you're on the Committee,
(In which you were placed by a vote,
I feel no compunction
To bid you to function,
And don't make the Chairman the goat!

Rotary Schoolmasters. At each annual meeting of the National Education Association for the past 23 years, the Schoolmasters' Rotary Club, consisting of N.E.A. members who are also Rotarians, holds a luncheon. This year, the 24th such celebration, the luncheon will be held with the Rotary Club of Atlantic City, N. J., February 26.

Presidents. In the October, 1940, ROTARIAN (page 52) THE SCRATCHPAD MAN asked if any Club could equal the record of the Vicksburg, Miss., Rotary Club, which has had three O'NEILLS—father and two sons—as its President. In so asking THE SCRATCHPAD MAN's memory had slipped a cog, for in the September ROTARIAN (page 49) the pictures of the three BULKELEYS, of Abingdon, Ill., had been presented. HARRY C., the father, served as President in 1923-25, and as Governor of District 146 in 1939-40; SON KENNETH C. was President in 1935-6 and SON GERALD C. was President of the Abingdon Club in 1939-40.

Where They're From. The Rotary Club of Phoenix, Ariz., publishes an occasional list of members who were Rotarians before they came to Phoenix, the Clubs to which they belonged, and the offices they held in those Clubs.

Golden Wedding. ROTARIAN JOHN C. SNYDER, of Crawfordsville, Ind., and MRS. SNYDER celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on



September 27, with a party at which two of their three daughters were present. The third daughter resides in Honolulu, where her husband is now stationed.



Golfers Only. The new publication of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, *Rotary Service*, tells of a new rule published at an unnamed London golf club: "Balls may be picked up from bomb craters and replaced, not nearer the hole, without penalty." However, *The Arcana*, publication of the Tsingtao, China, Rotary Club, has less to say for the golfers who have complained that the wild ducks on Hole Seven Lake are a nuisance. "In the United States," it reminds its readers, "they champion the cause of wild life, and especially of wild ducks."

Mud? The Rotary classification of A. H. ADAMS, of Jal, N. Mex., is "well mud, distribution." Lest you think he is a small boy engaged in selling mud pies, he hastens to explain that well mud is not sick mud that is cured, but a special kind of mud used in drilling oil wells, to prevent gas seepage.

Song Leader's Contest. Tied for first place in the contest to determine the Rotarian with the longest record as song leader of his Club by virtue of his unbroken string of 21 years is ROTARIAN HARPER G. SMYTH, of Cleveland, Ohio. . . . Pictured at the left is CECIL M. SIMS, who has led the Piqua, Ohio,



Cecil M. Sims

Rotary Club in song since January 27, 1920, and thus rounds out 21 years of uninterrupted song leadership. Principal of the high school, ROTARIAN SIMS is called upon to lead almost all the community singing in the vicinity, not for his Rotary Club and District alone, but for non-Rotary gatherings.

Four at Once. The Rotary Club of Yarmouth, N. S., Canada, took in four members at one meeting recently. And now North Sydney, N. S., hopes to make it five, just because.

Meet the Police—Unofficially. The Redondo Beach, Calif., Rotary Club invited members of the police and fire departments of its city to a regular meeting, to promote fellowship. No tickets were given or torn up.

Unique. "Questioned documents" is the classification of JOHN L. HARRIS, of the Los Angeles, Calif., Rotary Club. No explanations offered.

Broken Cog? The Attendance Committee of the Atchison, Kans., Rotary Club sends a picture of a Rotary wheel with broken and damaged cogs to anyone missing a meeting. It's a strong reminder to a member not to be "a broken cog."

Flying High. When he learned the plane he planned to take for Houlton, Me., was cancelled, ROTARIAN JOHN M. O'CONNELL, of Bangor, Me., hopped one to Waterville, Me. It didn't make any difference—he was only going to make up

an absence anyway! Of course, he had his Official Directory handy!

Publicity. At least the Rotary Club of Clifton Springs, N. Y., knows news when it sees it, because in only one issue of the Clifton Springs Press, three of the six front-page columns were



FOUR generations—five O'Hearns. Frank, O. C., R. C., and O. L., of the Melrose, Wis., Rotary Club, and "future Rotarian" Oliver G.

headed by Rotary news items. And they were news, too—of what the Club is doing in the community. Can your Club do as well?

Definition. A recently published definition of Rotary marked "Author Unknown" provoked a note from the Rotary Club of Rochester, Minn., to the effect that PHIL SHERIDAN, Rochester Rotarian, is the author, and far from unknown!

Ave Atque Vale. All members of the Wolfville, N. S., Canada, Rotary Club have a greeting and, if in a car, a lift for soldiers on leave visiting their town. It's a phase of their Club's Community Service program—and a pleasure as well.

Fourth Object Streets. ROTARIAN JAMES R. LAW, Mayor of Madison, Wis., has suggested that some of the city's streets be named after cities in Latin America, and making a ceremony of the dedication.

Station R-O-T-O Calling. At least that's the style of the Amsterdam, N. Y., *Rotographs*, whose editor, ALEX E. NICHOL, Secretary of the Club, introduces his news and his guest editorialists in broadcast style.

Ten for One. From the S.S. *Wing San*, JAMES M. HENRY, Governor of Rotary's 96th District, writes that to get to Canton, China, from Hong Kong—a distance of 100 miles—he must travel to Shanghai and back, a total of nearly 1,000 miles. He hoped to visit W. H.



JAMES K. INGHAM, James II, and a lady friend out for a stroll at Avalon, Calif., after James K., Senior, had made his official visit to the Rotary Club as 107th District Governor.

TAN, of Shanghai, Governor of Districts 97-98, on the way.

New Navy League Head. The new president of the Navy League of the United States is SHELDON CLARK, a member of the Chicago Rotary Club.

Rotary Button Taboo. A recent decree in the Union of South Africa prohibits the wearing of all badges in that country. So thoroughgoing is the ban that Rotarians find even the wearing of the Rotary button forbidden. "Fortunately," someone has remarked, "the Rotary smile has not been forbidden."

Defense Advisors. A check of the long personnel list of the United States National Defense Advisory Commission reveals the names of four Rotarians: ROY JACKSON, of Yuma, Ariz., an administrator in the industrial materials division; JOHN D. BIGGERS, of Toledo, Ohio, deputy commissioner in the production division; FERN R. RAUCH, of East St. Louis, Ill., on the coordinating committee in the labor division; C. F. PALMER, of Atlanta, Ga., on housing coordination in the purchasing coordination division.

Festival. In sending the program of the 11th annual Mountain State Forest Festival, CARL C. CHANNELL, President of the Elkins, W. Va., Rotary Club, writes: "Please look at the third page. You will see that every member of the executive committee save one is a Rotarian—and he is a former Rotarian. However, the Club does not consider the Festival as its project, but is careful to foster the impression that it is a State celebration, which it is. The fact that Rotarians are active and have run the Festival since its beginning is because, as Rotarians, they believe in Community Service."

Congratulations. In the name of the Rotary Club of St. Louis, Mo., WARD H.

GOODLOE, President, dispatched the following telegram to PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT immediately after the national election. In it, he speaks for all Americans: "The St. Louis Rotary Club conveys to you its warmest congratulations. We are confident that under your leadership our country will experience a renewed and revitalized unity; that employer and employee relationships will be cemented with the spirit of friendly cooperation; that freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and free-

impulse be exercised and every opportunity grasped to extend the spirit of friendliness and fellowship among the nations of the world."

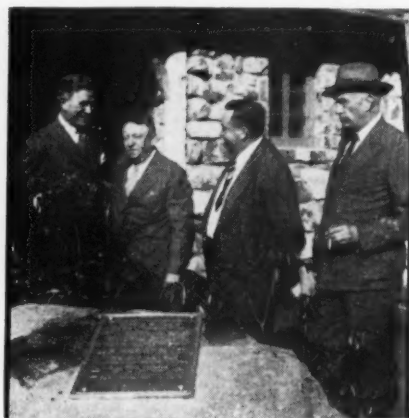
Door Opener. DR. WILLIAM B. NEAL, a member of the Rotary Club of Eugene, Oreg., reports that his Rotary card opened all doors for him on a recent Central American trip. At San Pedro Sula, Honduras, DR. NEAL saw a Rotary sign in the hotel, showed his card to the non-English-speaking manager, who called up another member, a dentist and Club President, who had been to school in the United States of America. Result: more friends!

Four Horsemen. When an auto-horn blast upset his nerves, ROTARIAN ALBERT Z. GRACE, of Pittsburgh, Pa., did something about it. He enlisted ROTARIANS JOE WAMPLER, MAX FELDMAN, and PETER F. LOFTUS, and they formed the Four Horsemen Club. Their motto is "A Kick Coming" and they urge it be delivered to the unnecessary noise maker. As a start, they have called on the Mayor for action.

Watts Reaches Haifa. LAWRENCE D. WATTS, Governor of the 83rd District, who was at the Havana Convention when Italy entered the war, was forced to return home via Capetown, South Africa. Word has been received that he and his family reached their home in Haifa on November 14.

Struthers Returns to Chicago. Since 1937 the Continental European Office of Rotary International at Zurich, Switzerland, has been administered by ASSISTANT SECRETARY DR. LESTER B. STRUTHERS. He is now returning to the Chicago Office of the Secretariat, leaving MISS ESTHER ACHARD in charge in Zurich.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



OFFICIALS of the Virginia Wildlife Federation honoring Justus H. Cline (second from left), honorary member of the Waynesboro, Va., Rotary Club and conservation leader, at dedication of Big Levels Wildlife Reserve.

dom of assembly will be zealously guarded and preserved; that the spirit of 'Service above self' will continue to guide you through the tenure of your term; that you will emulate the example of the founders of our republic in their supplications to God to guide them in their work as they built the foundations of this our republic; and that every



ROTARY'S Convention Committee prepares for June 15-20! Standing, left to right: Tom J. Davis, member; D. D. Monroe, Governor of the host District; Enrique Gil, member. Seated: Allen L. Oliver, member; Roy J. Weaver, member; C. Reeve Vanneman, Chairman; Manuel Galgarcia, member. The entire Committee was present, which promises perfection at Denver.



Blackout Lights. Ultraviolet rays may be the secret of safety in buildings and factories during blackouts. Invisible themselves, these rays have a remarkable ability to cause certain substances to glow with a soft light, called fluorescence. By painting critical objects in plants with fluorescent paints and leaving ultraviolet lamps burning after ordinary illumination has been shut off, employees can safely find their way around even in the dark in emergency.

Molding Threaded Parts. Plastic parts can now be molded with internal or external threads on a completely automatic machine. The novelty is an automatic device which unscrews the pieces as fast as they are finished. A thousand or more pieces a day are produced by each cavity of the mold, and several cavities can be mounted on each machine to raise the output.

New Crystal Source. Calcite crystals, known as Iceland spar, are valuable in building certain types of optical instruments. The crystals must be perfect for this use, and a long search has been made to find a deposit to replace the mine in Iceland which has been unproductive since it was flooded during World War I. Recently a deposit has been found in New Mexico which yields large, high-grade crystals, some of them weighing as much as 40 pounds.

Nondrying Gas, Tight Seal. For sealing chambers containing gases used for treating materials, a jelly made of one part each of gelatin, sugar, and glycerine dissolved in just enough hot water to make a firm jelly on cooling has been suggested. This mixture is applied hot, does not dry out or crack, and is used to seal chambers in which textiles are treated with ethylene oxide, a toxic, flammable gas. The sealing compound may be used with other gases insoluble in water.

Tracing Disease Effects. Although we have known that certain germs kill when they grow profusely in the body, no one has been sure just how they do it. A new method of following the changes produced in the blood of dogs suffering from pneumonia employs minute drops of mercury falling through a solution of blood serum. The mercury droplets take on electrical charges which can be measured and which indicate changes in the composition of the blood

proteins as disease progresses. This is not a treatment, but chemists hope it will show how to design better synthetic drugs to help physicians combat disease. One of the indications so far found is that disease changes the form in which sulphur exists in the protein of the blood. Some day it may help unlock the great mystery of infectious diseases.

Electrical Music. A new electrical musical instrument adds a wide variety of tones from resonant electric circuits to the accustomed music of the piano. In many respects the Solovox, as the new instrument is called, resembles the electric organ in principle and performance, but it is designed to be played with a piano rather than as a complete instrument itself.

Radio Anniversary. The United States Presidential election of 1940 was the sixth broadcast by radio and marked the 20th anniversary of this now everyday facility. On November 2, 1920, the election of Warren G. Harding was broadcast by KDKA, which initiated broadcasting then, to an audience of

some 500 listeners. On November 5, 1940, more than 800 American radio stations broadcast the reelection of Franklin D. Roosevelt to some 50 million radio receivers throughout the United States.

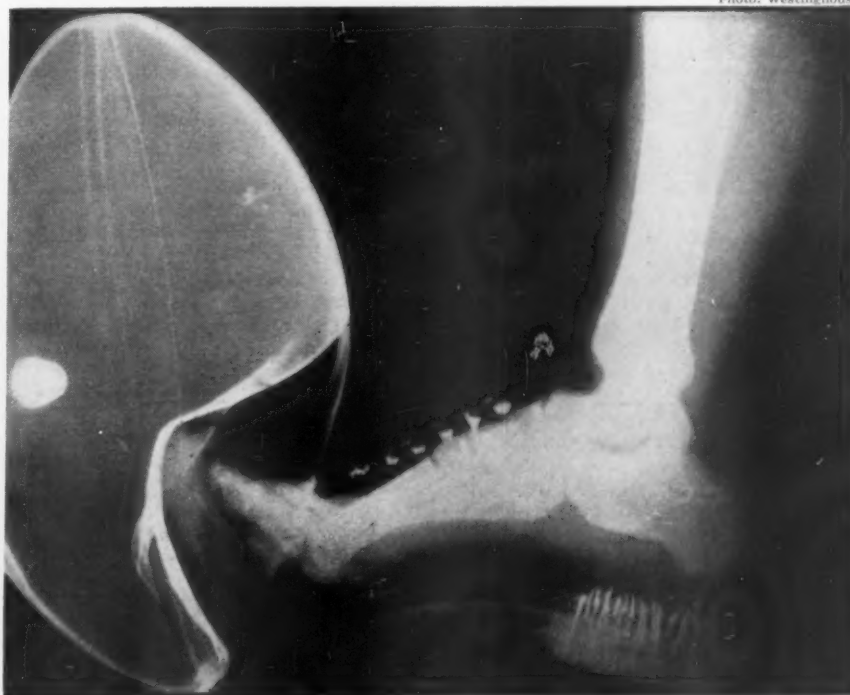
Dry Ice . . . Rivets. Increased speed in the American program of national defense has curiously resulted in an increase in demand for dry ice reported to be substantial. Not because National Guard units now in Federal service for training eat greater quantities of ice cream, but because the intense cold of dry ice makes tighter shrink fits. It also keeps soft the rivets used in aluminum-alloy airplane construction until they can be driven home.

Cleaning a Dry Cleaner. A new automatic still has recently been developed particularly for the use of dry cleaners in purifying carbon tetrachloride after it has been used as a solvent to clean clothes. The unit, which is electrically heated, is compact and efficient as well as completely automatic in operation.

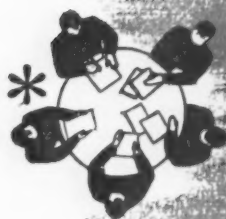
Rust Prevention. Although in industry there are many methods of combating corrosion, air conditioning has recently been applied for this purpose. A large warehouse containing finished hardware is air conditioned to reduce tarnish and prevent rust.

Football Plastics. Leather helmets of gridiron warriors may soon be replaced by sturdier head protections made of cellulose acetate plastic. Tests indicate the superiority of the plastic helmets in resisting blows. Because the new helmets are transparent, colors are painted inside them and show through.

Photo: Westinghouse



MILLIONS of fans see thousands of footballs kicked each season, but here in this laboratory shot, an ultra-high-speed radiograph at one-millionth of a second, one can see what takes place at the kickoff. Clearly depicted is the distortion of the toe bones.



Rotary Roundtable

About problems and policies of Rotary.
Suggestions for discussions are invited.

Among the thought-provoking letters received from Rotarians following the publication of the Vocational Service rating chart in this department [December ROTARIAN] was the following from Edwin E. Farnham, treasurer of the Belmont Holding Company, Belmont, Massachusetts:

The questionnaire is very timely and of much interest, but as I look at it, many of the questions cannot be answered simply by "Yes" or "No." I should like to answer some of them as follows:

How sincerely do I consider my business to be a service to society rather than a means to a livelihood for myself?

First, as a means of livelihood; second, as a service to society, exempting, of course, ministers and doctors, whose service is always to society.

In selling merchandise or service do I consider the best value for my customer more important than the longest profit for myself?

The best value to the customer should always come first, perhaps from a purely selfish point of view, as I thoroughly believe that a satisfied customer is one of the best methods of advertisement.

To what extent would I encourage an imprudent customer to overbuy without calling it to his attention?

I would not encourage any customer to overbuy, but if the customer is one who has been successful and has financial responsibility, I would not discourage his purchasing what he wished, as, after all, perhaps his judgment might be better than mine, and I might be the means of having him curtail purchases which might bring him a handsome profit should prices increase.

To what extent would I take advantage of an opportunity to sell a service or an article worth its price, but not suited to the needs of the customer?

Never.

Would I divulge a price quotation or bid in order to obtain a lower price?

Never.

In wholesale buying, do I attempt to secure discounts beyond those regularly allowed for quantity purchases and cash payments?

I think my answer to this would be "Yes," in a general way.

Do I keep a capable employee in a blind-alley position and fill a better position with a new employee rather than take the trouble to train a new employee for the minor place?

No, for it does not help to build up loyalty in any organization.

When an employee makes a mistake for which I am somewhat responsible, do I put all the blame on him or do I take the responsibility?

I feel that I should share the responsibility.

Would I tell a valuable employee about an opening in another business, possibly with a competitor, which is better than any opportunity I can offer him, or would I conceal that information?

I would tell him, provided the ethical standards of the competitor were what I considered they should be.

Do I ever take advantage of a man's destitute condition to hire him for less than I would pay to another equally qualified man who doesn't need the job so badly and can hold out for a better wage?

No.

As an employer, is my stand in reference to my employees belonging to a union based on selfish or service motives?

I cannot answer, as my employees do not belong to a union.

How reliably does my business advertising describe the true quality of merchandise and services which I have to offer?

Any advertising must be honest and describe the true value of merchandise or services which are offered. Otherwise the results, like chickens, are liable to come home to roost.

How actively am I working in my craft association to secure the adoption and enforcement of standards of correct practice by all members of my craft?

Actively.

Do I feel under obligation to warn a competitor who I know is being approached for credit by a customer whom I have found to be a deadbeat?

Yes, indeed.

To what extent have I given a fair trial to the practice of the Golden Rule in my business?

Wholeheartedly.

Rotarians and Rotary Clubs in the United States of America interested in giving aid during the period of national emergency may find the following sources of information helpful in formulation of specific projects for action:

Registration of Aliens. If any Rotary Club is interested in the work of helping aliens in its community to register, it may wish to secure one or more copies of the pamphlet *Alien Registration*, which the Federal Director of Reg-

istration describes as "the most comprehensive exposition of problems incident to the registration program I have seen." The pamphlet can be secured from the Common Council on American Unity, 222 Fourth Ave., New York, New York.

Chinese Aid. Any Club or group wishing to take part in the bowl-of-rice campaign to raise funds for medical supplies for the Chinese millions of refugees and soldiers can obtain full information regarding the campaign from the offices of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, 57 William St., New York, New York.

Adult Education. The American Association for Adult Education (60 E. 42nd St., New York, New York) is in the process of preparing study material in relation to educational phases of the national defense program and would like to add to its mailing list the names of persons who are engaged in or interested in adult education, with the thought that materials may be sent to them which may prove useful to study groups.

Julius Rosenwald Fund. This Foundation is preparing its mailing list of persons to receive its biennial review of activities and would like to add to the list the names of Rotarians in the Southern States who would care to receive a copy of the review. Address Julius Rosenwald Fund, 4901 Ellis Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

What is the Rotary Foundation?

The Rotary Foundation is an endowment fund which will assure the permanency of the ideal of service in the relations of mankind. The Rotary Foundation was established by the 1928 Convention of Rotary International held at Minneapolis, Minnesota. Its purpose is to intensify and perpetuate the fine influence of Rotary upon the world, actually to promote understanding and goodwill in ways that will be proper and feasible, and to bring into practical operation various suggested plans for communicating the ideal of service to the peoples of all lands and to all classes of humanity.

the Objects of Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

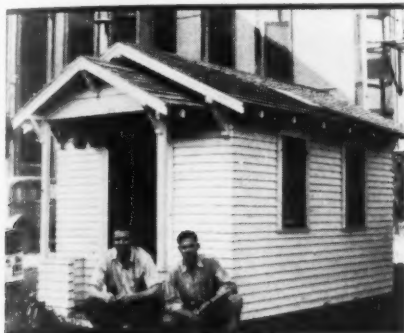
- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

Heves that, beyond high school, his children should get it on their own. Aiming to do just that, I started college three years ago. The first term cut my savings low, but, not having the courage to ask my family for help, I found myself in a semidilemma. Was this to be the first major erratum of my life?

Nearly "broke," I let it be known that I was in the market for a job—especially one in the field of printing and journalism. Finally, after a number of despairing attempts, I found work. Merely clipping newspapers at 26 cents an hour wasn't much, but it was a job. Since then I have worked in the pressroom and bindery of the college print shop, in the back shop of both the local newspapers, as relief janitor in the municipal hospital, and as business manager of the college annual. I have gathered shoes for a repair shop,



"THE TABERNACLE"—used as an in-school home by Carl Sorenson (left) and roommate.

worked as a farm hand and as a caretaker of lawns and gardens, and filled in with a host of short-time jobs.

While I've had to borrow money at times when tuition, room rent, and meal tickets all came due at the same time, now, after three years of it, I have a little more money on reserve than when I first stepped on the campus. As an economy move, I bought a small house, "The Tabernacle" we call it, and paid for it [see cut] from my school-job earnings. Well equipped, it permits my roommate and me to cook our own meals—which also saves money.

My work last Summer—an assistantship to the extension editor of this agricultural and engineering college—gave me wide travel on farm-inspection tours and put me in touch with trained specialists. I could not duplicate that experience in the classroom.

Working my way, instead of being a drawback and a drudgery, has yielded these four important advantages—on each of which I would like but shall not presume to write three pages:

1. Working my way has helped me to keep the common touch which is so important to a well-balanced education.
2. It has eased the financial burden of my parents, who have had a hard, uphill climb for 30 years to give their children advantages.

3. It has taught me independence and self-reliance, has given me greater faith in myself, and has taught me the value of time and money.

4. It has given me a chance to apply what I have learned from textbooks and instructors.

Yes, Rotarian fathers, your sons will get more out of college if they work for at least a part of the expenses. I've tried it. I know.

Women in Everything

Agrees REV. B. F. GARMER, *Rotarian Clergyman*
Beloit, Wisconsin

I'm not going to comment on whether men or women make the best secretaries, but I would like to say the debate on this subject [*Are Men Better Secretaries?*, November *ROTARIAN*] was both entertaining and enlightening. I will agree that women do just about everything a man can do these days, and I submit a bit of verse by Kate Field which supports my opinion:

They talk about a woman's sphere

As though it had a limit.

There's not a place in earth or heaven,

There's not a task to mankind given,

There's not a blessing or a woe,

There's not a whispered yes or no,

There's not a life, or death, or birth,

That has a feather's weight of worth,

Without a woman in it.

'All Included in the Price'

Says C. M. MEREDITH, JR., *Rotarian Newspaper Publisher*
Quakertown, Pennsylvania

In the Rotary Club of Quakertown *THE ROTARIAN* is reviewed for five minutes the first meeting night of the month. The members look forward to it, enjoy it, and often go home and read the magazine through. This magazine, which rates top notch in American journalism, is too often neglected.

It reminds me of the reply the steward gave to a passenger on a trans-Atlantic ship. About mid-ocean the passenger, who hadn't eaten for three days, began to loiter at the entrance of the dining-room. He was exhausted with hunger, and his nostrils quivered as the aroma of food floated by. Finally he summoned enough courage to ask the steward, at the door, "How much does it cost to eat in there?" Replied the steward, "Why, you have a ticket, haven't you?" The passenger eagerly whispered, "Yes, of course—here it is." "Well, then," smilingly responded the steward, "there's nothing extra. It's included in the passage!"

No, there's nothing extra for *THE ROTARIAN*. It's worth \$1.50 of anybody's money, but it's all included in the same price.

'Don't Throw Them Away'

Says HARIETT CULBERTSON
Wife of Rotarian
Cleveland, Oklahoma

I think *THE ROTARIAN* is one of the best educational magazines published and should be in every high school possible. In the smaller towns around here there are no Rotary Clubs, so the pupils do not have a chance to use *THE ROTARIAN* in their studies.

My son used ours all through high school, and now after we have read and reread them we send them to him at the university. When he sends them back, we give them to a small high school. The students appreciate getting them.

I know most people keep them, but I am sure there are some who don't. Don't throw them away. Why not let someone else enjoy this fine magazine, especially students?

Here is the winner of the "What Vocational Service Means to Me" contest announced in the December "Rotarian." It was selected by a member of the Vocational Service conferring group of Rotary International, who judged the entries. For announcement of another contest, see page 3 of this issue.—Editors.

'Here's My Interpretation'

Says JOHN O. KNUTSON, *Rotarian Merchandise Broker*
Sioux City, Iowa

Rotary's most distinctive contribution in a world dominated by commerce and industry is the service concept of vocational pursuit. This concept inspires men to worthy achievement, to become recognized as qualified servants of society, as well as to become competent tradesmen or artisans pursuing the art of making a living.

Through this concept, merchandise and instruments and art and science are elevated above a sordid standard of mere means of livelihood and money making, and a man's business and professional activity becomes dignified as worthy of his best efforts in which his highest ideals may find expression.

The primary service obligation of a Rotarian is that service he is best qualified to render through the vocational classification with which his membership is identified. A man's business or profession is the truest expression of his real self. It is his most intimate and constant interest, in his struggle for worthy success. Through it he may achieve happiness in the enjoyment of the fruits of his labors, while holding the approbation of his fellowmen within as well as outside the ranks of those engaged in the same occupation.

Integrity in Vocational Service is the best safeguard of free enterprise, and is therefore essential to the survival of a democratic society, where the sanctity of the individual is recognized, and where opportunity for honorable success is unhampered.

The profit motive under the service ideal as taught by Rotary carries no implication of selfish greed, but is, rather, a recognition of the individual's inherent right to economic independence; and wealth and other material reward become a sacred trust. "He profits most who serves best." This is my interpretation of Vocational Service.

The writer of the above letter is a man well known to many a Rotarian, especially to those whose Rotary interest follows the channel of Vocational Service. Rotarian Knutson was one of the group who formulated Rotary's first Code of Ethics—in 1915. He is shown with the group in the picture on page 41 of this issue.—Eds.



Ten Steps Up from the Jungle

[Continued from page 13]

and breaks and makes us, and he fell on his nose, and looked like Tolstoy for ever afterward.

But the dream went on. In 1908 my father said to us at dinner table, "Man will never fly. God gave him legs, not wings. He doesn't want man to fly." But the next morning the New York Times came to our doorstep in a little New Jersey town, and told us how the day before the Wright brothers had flown in France. We did not know then that they had flown in North Carolina many years before that. But ever since then I have not doubted man.

I know that nothing is impossible, and when I hear the hum of those motors in the sky, I don't think of power, I don't think of speed, I don't want to know how fast they're going—I want to know whether men are made any better by their speed, or whether they are going to be better when they get there than when they started out.

It all means to me that I belong to a race that can hold a purpose in its heart for 3,000 years and never yield. I'll put that one item in the scale against all that the pessimists have said, and it will tip the scale.

Now, the ninth step: *The Coming of Means of Communication*. It enables one generation before it dies to transmit its accumulated lore of technology,

artistry, morals, sensitivity, to the next. To a new civilization like Australia is carried the garnered heritage of the old, so that it need not begin at the beginning.

This brings us to the last of the ten steps: *Education*. In the widest sense it is the technique of transmitting as completely as possible to as many as possible the intellectual, moral, and artistic heritage of mankind. Never before has it been done on the scale we know in this century.

Do I have no doubts for the future? Yes. Certainly, we shall pass through misery and terror. But I envy our children. I feel toward them as Voltaire felt when he came to Paris in 1778, aged 83, to die. He looked at the young men in Paris; he could see in their eyes the coming revolution. He knew they would suffer. That great man had died so many deaths to live so many lives—how gladly he would have died one more death to live one more life for those young men in Paris, to go through with them their revolution and their terror, their suffering and their creation. So he said to them what I should say to you:

"The young are fortunate, for they will see great things. For us older ones, parents and teachers, it only remains to make straight their way."

Faster Than Bullets

[Continued from page 31]

states that recent developments make 100 octane gasoline potentially available in amounts exceeding that 25 billion of all kinds. In fact, that visible potential supply is so plentiful that T. A. Boyd, of the research laboratories of General Motors Corporation, predicted in the Fall that 100 octane gas will be demanded by the motorists of the near future, because it will increase mileage per gallon by a half or three-fourths—possibly double it. It will give added power and speed, and while it costs 10 cents more a gallon to manufacture, still the average motorist's fuel bill will be cut 20 percent. Another refining technologist says that 100 octane gas will be generally used in automobiles in five years.

During the 12 years preceding 1939 the octane rating of regular gasoline increased from 50 to 73, delivering 20 percent more mileage. The United States Bureau of Mines recently tested gasoline in 21 cities, revealing an average of 64.2 for third-grade gasoline, 77.2

for the regular, and 78.5 for the premium. And the price level (excluding taxes) has lowered 7½ cents a gallon since 1927. Incidentally, the consumption of gasoline has jumped, in spite of the depression, from 9 billion gallons in 1929 to nearly 24 billion in 1940. The industry is one of the greatest in America. It puts 100 million dollars a year into research alone.

Fuel and engines must match if there is to be high efficiency. High compression is the key to meet the demands of the new gasoline. Put 100 octane gas into an engine adapted to 87 octane fuel and you gain 1 percent in power; adapt the engine, without changing size or capacity, to 100 octane and you gain 22 percent in power. Already engineers are working on designs to accommodate fuels of 125 octane or better.

An eminent engineer told me that 200 octane gasoline is in the range of possibility, and said 700 miles an hour is on the "lower side" of possible airplane speeds. Aerodynamics not long ago put

500 miles an hour as the flying limit, but now places it—with reservations—at 780 miles.

With war playing the most important part in human affairs at present, a comparison of the American position with that of the World War period is of interest. United States crude production in 1939 was 1,263,246,000 barrels, exceeding all the three-year war era. There were 189,399 producing wells in 1917, with estimated underground reserves of 5 billion barrels, contrasted with 380,893 wells at the end of 1939 and an estimated reserve of 20 billion barrels. Military and Navy petroleum needs in 1918 were supplied by 267 refineries processing 1,186,155 barrels of crude oil daily, while now 453 refineries operate with a capacity of 4,430,979 barrels daily. Gasoline yield per barrel had risen from 26 percent in 1916 to 45 percent in 1939. Gasoline stocks at the end of 1918 were 7 million barrels compared to 100 million now. Tank ships owned by United States lines now total 450, compared to 54 in 1914, and their capacity is 3 million gross tons, compared to 150,000 in 1914. The industry today owns 154,000 tank cars, or three times the number in 1917. This does not take account of the amazing extension of pipe lines carrying oil from wells to refineries. An expert of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana estimates that the oil industry can meet any emergency that may confront the Government as far as fuel of any type is concerned. The company operates the largest refinery in the world at Whiting, Indiana, and is one of the foremost producers of aviation gasoline.

As to the future, it looks bright. The petroleum industry is expanding; science is getting more for less—a typical airplane engine of 1930, delivering 575 horsepower, has been improved to deliver 1,200 horsepower in 1939, without perceptible change in engine dimensions or cylinder displacement; and the earth's supply of crude appears inexhaustible. A world-famous research engineer has calculated that *all the oil ever extracted from the earth would not fill 1½ cubic miles*. He maintains that Nature, ever generous, is creating oil, particularly at the bottom of the sea, faster than it is being consumed. Some oil wells even now are producing "at the bottom of the sea," but as yet derricks are not located more than a mile off shore and are in shallow water.

New oil fields are constantly being discovered. Drilling is almost an exact science. Holes three miles deep are being dug, and every foot has been charted and studied as a guide to future prospecting. Experts can now drill around boulders and come back to the original line of the shaft and go straight on. They can hit within a few feet of a mark 16,000 feet down. It used to be that holes would slant off, even becoming

"Unaccustomed as I am—

"I...er...er...a...don't know just what to say on the subject."

"I wasn't expecting to be called on to speak."

"Mr. Bell can tell you more about the idea than I can."

"Er... that is not very clear, but that's the best I can do."



...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure... when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, preoccupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over?"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?... Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled *How to Work Wonders with Words*, which tells how almost any man of average intelligence can improve his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing booklet changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method in 20 minutes a day, would train him to speak more effectively in public or in everyday conversation—convince one man or many—help him to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top of our organization for men who know how to talk!"

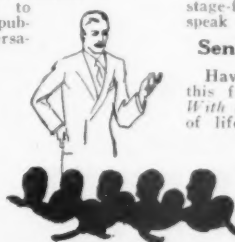
And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought-after speaker for civic banquets and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free booklet—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

For many years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than

a natural gift of a chosen few. Most any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply this training—a training that helps to overcome timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and fear when called upon to speak before an audience.

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Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

ing horizontal—a case is on record where a drill turned back up again and came out of the ground 1,000 feet away from the derrick! They shut off sub-surface waters now by pumping in a jell that acts as a dam.

In the laboratories, increased output of power per pound of fuel is being developed. Smaller motors will do the work of the future. Mileage per gallon

will be doubled, possibly trebled. But young scientists and engineers should not be discouraged. With all the progress to date, it is only a start, a research director with a staff of 200 scientists told me. He has calculated that there are still 4 billion untested ways of trying to make better gasoline, any of which may be an improvement on what is known to the industry today!

helping these countries safely through the storm rests upon the United States. Inter-American coöperation should be interpreted literally. The Latin-American peoples should look for ways of increasing the exchange of goods between themselves. In many instances the various countries complement one another. In fact, Argentina and Brazil have just concluded a reciprocal trade agreement. Brazil is to buy increasing amounts of wheat from Argentina, in consideration for larger exports of yerba maté, coffee, and other Brazilian staples to Argentina.

Similarly Chile and Argentina might easily effect a larger exchange between themselves, with Chile buying more Argentine meat in return for nitrates and copper. In Southern Chile are forests containing the finest lumbers and pulpwoods. An entire new industry might be developed in Chile to supply Argentina with building materials and paper pulp, none of which she possesses, and all of which she must import from other countries. Peruvians could effect a larger exchange of sugar and cotton for Chilean lumber and wine. Ecuadorian cacao and bananas could go southward in increasing quantities, in return for Chilean wool and Peruvian cotton.

THE United States might easily find ways of purchasing in South American countries certain raw materials which she has been accustomed to get from the Far East, Africa, and Northern Europe. Heretofore carpet manufacturers have procured practically all their carpet wool from China and Asiatic regions. These sources are now imperilled by conflict in the Far East. Argentina and Chile could easily supply all requirements. North America's colossal defense program calls for increasing amounts of medicinal products. Quinine is an outstanding example. All of it must be imported. Until now Java and

Can the Americas Live Alone?

[Continued from page 9]

is derived from a limited number of activities, they are dependent upon one or two crops or industries. In an article in the October, 1939, ROTARIAN, I described the South American struggle against the single-product economy. I pointed out that "although each possesses an amazing variety of natural resources . . . oil has been the lifeblood of Venezuela. In Bolivia it is tin. Chile prospers only when there is a steady market for copper and nitrate, while coffee has long been king in Brazil.

"In these, and for the most part all the other ten republics of the continent, exchange, the value of money, rises and falls with the volume and value of their chief exports. If there is a sudden demand for nitrates in Japan or Europe, Chilean laborers have jobs and money to spend, and the export tax swells the Government income. If there is a lull in demand, the workingman has to take up the slack in his belt and the Ministry of Finance must curtail spending. For there is little to fall back on, no other important source of income to turn to, nothing even to cushion the fall."

The present world crisis emphasizes once again the tyranny of such a system. Bolivian tin, Peruvian and Chilean copper, Venezuelan oil, Argentine meat and grain, were produced principally for European consumption. Consequently the war in the Old World has already brought several of the countries to the point of economic paralysis.

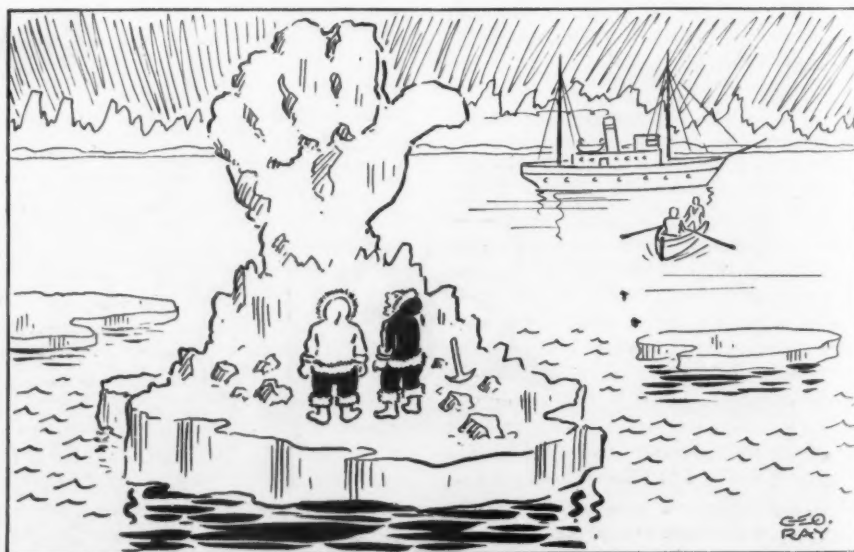
The United States buys the bulk of the Colombian coffee crop and approximately half of the Brazilian annual production. She also buys the principal portion of the Chilean nitrate exports, considerable wool and linseed from Argentina. But for the most part she offers no outlet for all the other mounting surpluses of staple products. So many of them are duplicated within her own borders.

In the emergency, the great republic of North America has a responsibility toward her neighbors. Indeed she long ago assumed, even without asking "by their leave," a responsibility for their protection. To Argentines, Colombians,

Peruvians, and others the Monroe Doctrine was considered an imposition, even an impertinence. They have steadfastly opposed it. From the beginning, men in every country have insisted that it was a selfish doctrine, maintained solely for the benefit of the Yankees. "However," one of the outstanding journalists in Argentina told me just a few months ago, "here is the opportunity for you to prove that it has its unselfish aspects.

"More recently," he reminded me, "the United States Government has instituted the policy of the good neighbor, which carries with it, or should carry with it, a double responsibility to be helpful. At various inter-American conferences, and through United States initiative, this new policy has been put into words, to which all the countries have subscribed their names. If all this is to mean anything, you must do more than talk about good-neighborly feeling, solidarity, and coöperation. You must make it work. Now that we are cut off from our Old World markets, you—the United States—must help us to weather the storm."

Naturally, this does not, or should not, mean that all the responsibility for



"BOY, OH, BOY! Am I happy that I studied sculpture when I went to school."

the Dutch East Indies have been the principal source. Yet the cinchona, or quinine, tree not only originated in the Ecuadorian, Peruvian, and Bolivian Andes, but also grows in profusion there at the present time. Oil of the castor bean, which grows fabulously in Northern Brazil, is a fine substitute for tung oil which the United States buys from China, and which must travel over the perilous Burma road and half-way around the world to reach its destination.


ONE OF THE MOST important of all United States basic industrial imports is tin. She produces little, and until now that the Government is financing a large plant, the country has had no substantial tin refineries. The finished product was bought from England, which country in turn imported the raw material from Malay in the Far East. Bolivia possesses nearly half the world's supply of tin ore, a large percentage of which is even controlled by American capital. The mines and transportation facilities to the sea have already been developed. The building of adequate refineries in the United States will provide an entirely new industry, giving jobs to thousands of engineers, metallurgists, and laborers. It would give Bolivia a new economic independence and prosperity. It will lighten the disastrous consequences which might result if the Japanese continue their march southward in Asia.

Not only carpet wool, commercial oils, and tin, but also innumerable other products which the United States has hitherto imported from other parts of the world could be developed and procured in the Southern republics. Such purchases would not only provide these countries with new enterprises, thus diversifying their economies, but also free them from dependence on uncertain European markets. It also puts more exchange, more dollars, into them with which to pay for the products produced by United States factories and foundries. It will go far toward developing a mutually beneficial two-way trade between the Americas. And as trade prospers, friendships grow, and inter-American coöperation becomes a reality.

All of which in no way presupposes that the Americas can or should even wish to live within their own hemisphere. It merely means that the perils of non-American conflicts, the material consequences resulting from limited economies, are overcome, or at least minimized. It means that neighbors will have found ways of being helpful to one another, and that when peace comes to the world normal trade can be resumed with the rest of the world, without the possibility of economic dictation from any one country or group of countries.

It is the direct and permanent way to that freedom and independence which all Americans, North, Central, and South, steadfastly proclaim.

Sympathy Not Enough

 Dollars and cents, as well as fine phrases, must flow within the Americas if they are to survive. For examples that the author has already given, see his article *South America Has Everything!* in the October, 1939, issue of THE ROTARIAN, and his recent book: *New Roads to Riches in the Other Americas* (Scribner, N. Y., \$3.75). On further aspects of this problem, these books shed light:

Latin America: A Brief History, by

F. A. Kirkpatrick (Macmillan, N. Y., 1939, \$3.75).

Latin America: Its Place in World Life, by Samuel Guy Inman (Willett, Clark & Co., Chicago, 1937, \$3.75).

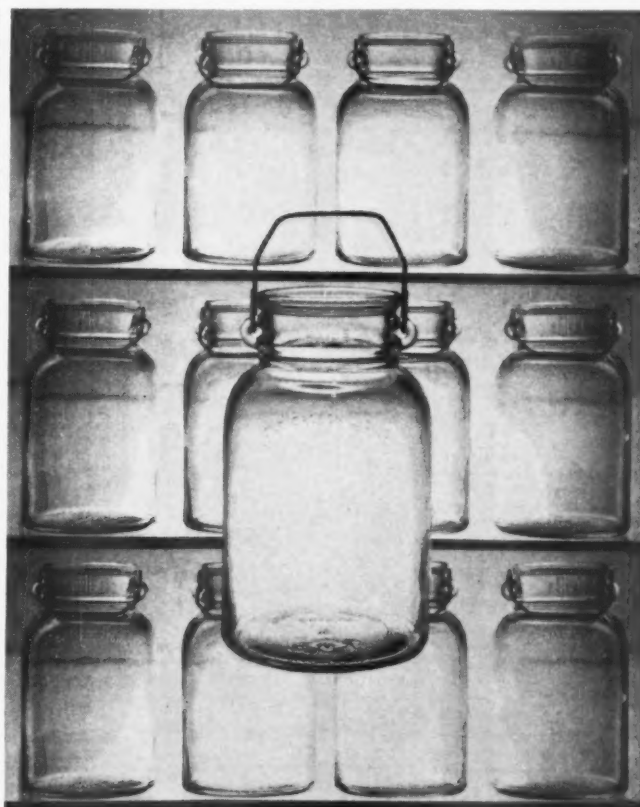
Impressions of South America, by André Siegfried (Harcourt-Brace, N. Y., 1933, \$3).

Two Americas: an Interpretation, by Stephen Duggan (Scribner, N. Y., 1934, \$1.75).

A History of the Latin-American Nations, by W. S. Robertson (Appleton-Century, N. Y., 1937, \$4).

South by Thunderbird, by Hudson Strode (Random House, N. Y., 1937, \$3).

South America, by Mannel Hahn (Winnetka Educational Press, Winnetka, Ill., 1935, \$1.50).



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INVENTION of goofy
gadgets is the hobby
of **RUSSELL E. OAKES**,
honorary member of
the Waukesha, Wis-
consin, Rotary Club.
First of all, he pro-
duced the thinking
cap whose tassel but-
ton lights up when he
celebrates. His next
opus was the self-
finding golf ball, into which he fondly
hopes to incorporate a radio compass.



All the "Professor's" inventions are to
make life happier, easier. Man's greatest
pleasures, he reasons, are sleeping, eat-
ing, and relaxing. So he has devoted
his hobby time to brightening these
major lines of man's existence.

THE GROOM is pleased to illustrate the
Oakes invention for better pie-crust
crimping. Remembering from his child-
hood days that the best crimps in the
crust look like toothed impressions, his
pie-crust crimper automatically spins
the pie plate one bite between the auto-
matic closing of a pair of false-teeth
plates.

THE GROOM also shows you the Oakes
dripless doughnut dunker. Do not
scoff. This dips the delectable morsel—
either bite by bite or totally—and holds
it for the convenience of the nibbler,
while the hinged drip pan catches the
overflow and saves the tablecloth.

Not shown, but worthy of addition to

your cutlery, is the pea-eating knife,
the blade being rolled into a scoop.
Filled with early June peas, the blade
is tipped up to enable the morsels to roll,
by gravity, directly into the open mouth.

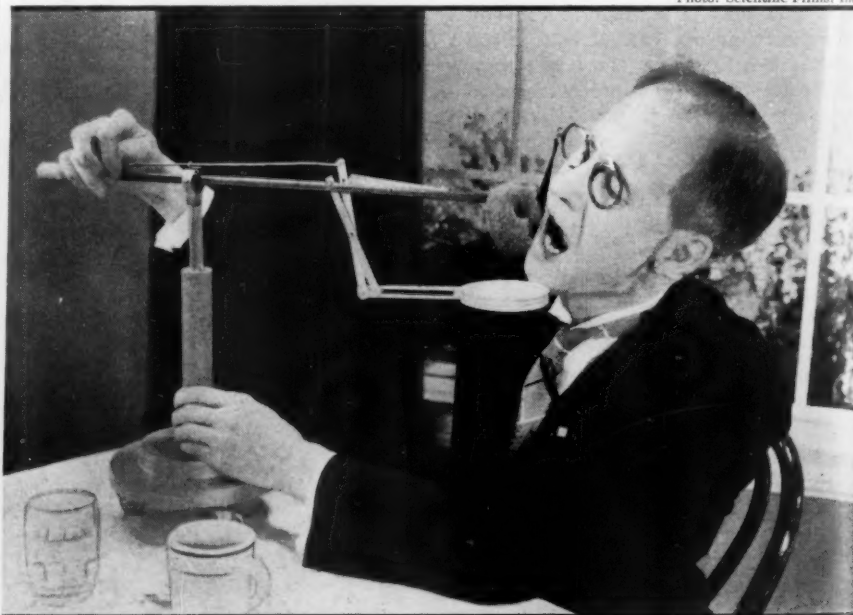
For picnic comfort, "PROFESSOR" OAKES
has perfected a sandwich protector. A
celluloid hand, into which the human
fingers fit, is further fitted with a fly
deterrent consisting of leather strips,
which wave over the sandwich and
shoo away the flies. The mechanism is
simple, and merely opening and closing
the hand keep the flies away.

For bigger and better sleeps, the
Professor has invented his automatic
sheep counter. Insomniacs need no
longer worry about the sheep who come
up to the fence but refuse to jump. The
invention counts only those which actu-
ally cross the top bar—and a mechanical
counter keeps tab on the number that
do go over and reports them to the
sleepless one, until a sufficient quantity
to produce sleep have passed over the
rail. Even then, the counter keeps on
counting, and should you wake, a glance
at the automatic total will reassure you
and put you back to sleep again.

Do the whispered conversations of the
lovers behind you in the movies annoy
you? Wear an Oakes chatter elimina-
tor. This little device fits over the ears,
and its adjustable earphones can be
trained on the screen, thereby eliminat-
ing all noise from the row behind you.

If, on the other hand, the picture
proves boring and the half-heard mur-

Photo: Scientific Films, Inc.



THE dripless doughnut dunker—Oakes' linen- and labor-saving boon for harassed housewives.

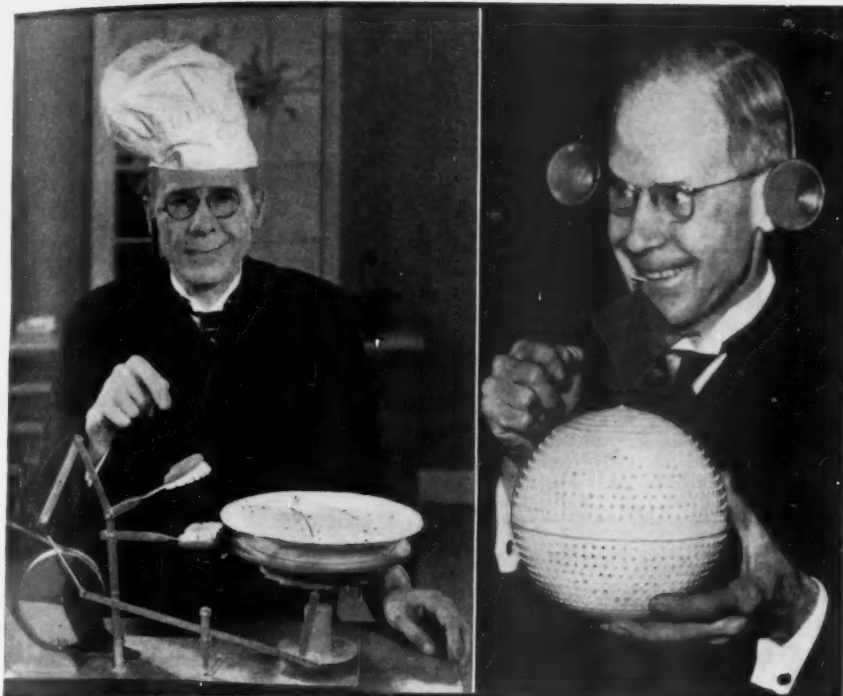


Photo (left) Scientific Films, Inc.

AT THE LEFT is the pie crimper that has revolutionized the closed or hunting-case pie. Right—the self-finding golf ball and the chatter eliminator plus the inventor.

murs from behind offer more promise—why, then, merely move the phones around and the noise from the screen is eliminated and only the conversation behind you is audible!

For church collections—another form of relaxation—the Oakes collection box is ideal. A red light flashes for a penny; nickels and dimes are not marked. A quarter produces a green light, and the sound of chimes heralds a dollar bill. A button brings a pistol shot.

For the man whose match always blows out, nothing could be simpler than the Oakes unpatented cigarette lighter. This simple device produces fire by means of water. A glass of water is poured on a sponge through a funnel and tube, which produces a fine spray. When the weight of the sponge is enough, it trips a latch, releasing a rat from a cage. Mistaking the Professor's picture for cheese, the rat springs for it, but lands on a platform, which causes a pin to explode a balloon. This drops a weight, which pulls a string, making a spool revolve rapidly. Since the spool is covered with sandpaper, this scratches a match. In case the match does not light, a covered box opens, revealing a whole box of matches.

Space does not permit THE GROOM to explain the grape-fruit-spray screen, the noiseless soup spoon, the air filter for after-onion-eating conversations, nor the many inventions for tired businessmen, such as the ear-to-the-ground listener, which brings the ground to the ear, thereby saving the back; the special clock for viewing with alarm; or the nose protector for those who must keep their noses to the grindstone. All these, and Heaven knows how many more, too, have sprung from the hobby of the Professor.

An advertising man, RUSSELL E. OAKES was song leader and Club publication

editor of the Waukesha Rotary Club until he lost his classification on moving his business to Milwaukee. However, his daily trip on the train gave him time to think, and his hobby was born. These goofy gadgets were all dreamed up in transit, and carried to perfection—such as it is—in his shop. As an honorary member of his Club, he gave a program demonstrating his labor-saving devices. Immediately, invitations poured in from other organizations.

Since that time, he has appeared twice on the Hobby Lobby radio program, explaining his brain children, and is now appearing regularly in Popular Science Shorts. These have increased the calls on his time, but have increased his inventive ability, because he now spends more time on trains—as he journeys from place to place making "personal appearances."

All of which indicates that you never can tell where a hobby might lead you. Surely ROTARIAN OAKES never dreamed at the start of his goofy-gadget trail that he would some day ride his hobbyhorse into the movies.

What's Your Hobby?

Have you a hobby? Then, if you are a Rotarian, a Rotarian's wife or child, send in your name and specialty for listing in this column.

Pen Pals; Stamps: Lloyd B. Gibson (son of Rotarian—collects "pen pals" throughout the world and collects and trades stamps), 334½ Robie St., Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Bird Cards: Mrs. Harry Strawbridge (wife of Rotarian—will trade U. S. stamps or nice souvenir for series one, set of 30 Arm and Hammer soda bird cards), 422 College St., Elizabethtown, Ky., U.S.A.

Stamps: Albert E. Nicholl (will trade stamps with other Rotarians in any country), P. O. Box 462, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Match Covers: Mrs. R. I. Thomas (daughter of Rotarian—will exchange match covers—preferably full or partially full—with other collectors all around the world; will pay postage), 507 N. Mason St., Mason City, Ill., U.S.A.

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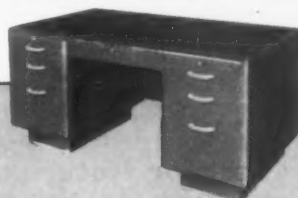
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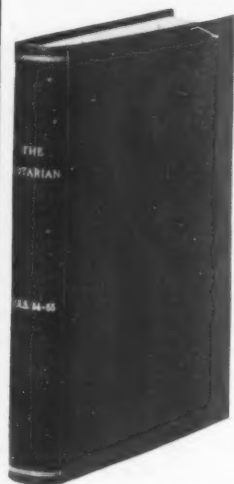
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on request



Have You a Line?

—To fill out the limerick which follows? If you have one—or more—send it—or them—to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. For the best line submitted by March 1, 1941, the sender will get a check for \$2.—Gears Editors.

CAN YOU CAP THE CLIMAX?

"Boys Work is the program I like,"
Said a Rotary member named Pike.

"The Scouts look so fine
When they stand in a line

....."

WILES

If I serve him T-bone steak
And a luscious peach shortcake,
If I invitingly prepare
Slippers, pipe, and easy chair,
If I nestle at his knee
And look at him adoringly,
Do you suppose my man will guess
The scene is set for a new dress!

—MAY RICHSTONE



Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to: Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. To Rotarian John Harden, of Salisbury, North Carolina, has been sent a check for the following story, which he submitted to the Editors as "my favorite":

A group at bridge hit a snag one night, argued over it for a time, and finally decided to ask a bridge expert to hand down a ruling.

So they wired the bridge authority, in New York, and back came a bulky collect telegram which consisted of the chapter from his book applying to the question at hand, and which they could have read from any of several available copies. They split the cost of the telegram and paid it, feeling rather taken in.

Then came the bill from the expert for services—\$25. They were all indignant, so much that they appealed to an attorney and mutual friend to see if they could ignore the bill with success. He advised that it was a legitimate charge since they had appealed to the man for formal advice in the field in which he was an expert. So they pouted

a bit, split the \$25 four ways, and paid that.

But the straw that nearly broke the camel's back came when the lawyer mailed a bill for \$10—for legal advice!

TO A CLOTHES-LINE

Who dares to say thou can'st not be

A subject for the bard,
Domestic institution, which
Adornest our back yard?

Wake thee my lyre's slumbering
strings,

Thou thirty feet of rope,
To sing what's next to godliness,
And praise the power of soap.

Most decorative sight thou art

Upon our washing day;
Although sometimes indecorous

The wares thou dost display,
But floating, flapping, fluttering,

Thy products of the scrub

Shame old unwashed Diogenes,

Who boarded in a tub.

A great event in history

Thou surely dost recall:

Halyards and mast thou dost suggest

As breezes rise and fall.

Trafalgar's echo thou dost stir—

"Along the line it ran!"

Here, duty done by woman:

There, duty done by man.

I thank thee, harbinger of hope,

Thou hast inspired my pen;

It may be that the editor,

Most difficult of men,

Shall take and use these versicles—

If not, there is this left—

Of a clean shirt tomorrow morn

I shall not be bereft.

—R. M. LEGATE

PI

The linotype operator's fingers were cold when he set the following lines. He promises to reset them for the February ROTARIAN, but in the meantime see what you can make out of the pied mess.

Fi eosm trage roPwe ldwuo eearg ot keam em swlaya kithn tawh si eurt dna od thaw si grhti, no noitidnoc fo ingbe nrutde onit a tors fo ccolk dan dwonou pu yreve rnmongi eebrfo I tog uot fo dbc, I ldshuo stnlyian seocl iwht het ffero.

SYNCPATED WORDS

Example: Take a small boy from an illness, and leave a month of blossoms. Answer: Ma-lad-y.

1. Take an epic poem of the Spaniards from to determine, and leave a river of Scotland. 2. Take to gain from wound around, and leave a boy's nickname. 3. Take inside from a dearth, and leave celebrity. 4. Take hostility from recom-

pense, and leave a color. 5. Take a part of the head from *closest*, and leave a home for birds. 6. Take a visit from *brought back*, and leave a marsh grass. 7. Take a conjunction from *remote*, and leave to pretend. 8. Take frigid from *upbraiding*, and leave to warble. 9. Take a kind of engraving from *straining*, and leave a cord. 10. Take one of the measures from *pertaining* and leave a creature.

Check your answers with those to be given in the February ROTARIAN.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE

Define each of the italicized groups of words by one word. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order here given, these will form a word square. Check your answer with that to appear in the February ROTARIAN.

I walked out in a *leafy month* and saw one who makes use of a thing, who was not far off, picking berries to eat. I stopped him, knowing they were poisonous, and afterward said to myself, "Even he sometimes makes mistakes."



Ruined Day

Bridget: "Pat, my man, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing."

Pat: "Sure, Bridget, and I'll do it. What is it?"

Bridget: "I want you to have my mother in your carriage at the funeral."

Pat: "Well, Bridget, I promise, since it is your last wish; but, I tell you, it will spoil the day for me."—*Weekly Rotary Bulletin*, THE TARRYTOWNS, NEW YORK.

Found at Last

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and had listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back, and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie; some day you'll get your wooden soldiers back.' And, believe me, you lopsided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set

of certified rolling pins, that day has come!"—*The Rotarianer Prater*, Waverly, Iowa.

Dopesters

Professor: "This class is so dumb that if you stood around in a circle, the Federal Government would raid you for being a dope ring."—*College Humor*.

Quite Understandable

The family planned a picnic for the next day and Bobby was asked by his mother to see what the paper predicted about the weather. After searching the paper, he said: "Well, they haven't decided yet. It says here, 'Weather for Wednesday, unsettled.'"—*Rotary Spoke*, PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ersatz

Now a couple varieties of seaweed are urged as a substitute for spinach. It seems uncalled for. We have long felt that spinach was its own ersatz.—*The Arcona*, TSINGTAO, CHINA.

Reason Enough

Housewife: "Why should a great strong man like you be begging?"

Beggar: "It's the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."—*The Call of Rotary*, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.

Grand Scale

The fellow had just got back from Hollywood. He had been dazzled by the display of glamour and greatness in the movie colony.

"Everything is done on a tremendous scale," he related to friends. "I attended dinner at the movie producer's home one evening; and, instead of usual finger bowls at the end of the meal, all the guests took showers."—*Man*, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Watcha Got?

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir."

The professor looked up. "Well, what does he want?"—*The Rotary Fellow*, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Not Applicable

"Look here," said the irate hotel guest, "don't you know that roller towels have been prohibited by law in this State for three years?"

"Yeah," replied the small hotel keeper, "but that towel was put up before the law was passed."—*East Peoria Rotary*, EAST PEORIA, ILLINOIS.



"OFFICER, it took me just 20 minutes to get my car in here. Does that count?"

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REFUGEE AID

A French Rotarian who was founder President of a Rotary Club organized in France three years ago has arrived in the United States of America with his wife, who is an American. This Rotarian, whose classification is maritime press, is now seeking a position in the U.S.A.—particularly in the Southern part. He occupies an important post in the Association of Wholesale Fish Merchants of France, has had experience in advertising fish, and is competent to write articles or work in fisheries. He also has experience in teaching French. Just prior to his departure from France, a book he wrote about America was published. Anyone able to be of help to this Rotarian should write to Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

A member of a Rotary Club in the Northern part of France is now a refugee in the United States of America. He would like to find employment and is willing to adapt himself to any opportunity for work. He is a citizen of The Netherlands and speaks Netherlandish, French, and English. His classification is cotton waste manufacturing. He is especially experienced in the textile industry and also is qualified to teach French. Anyone willing and able to help this Rotarian refugee find a position, please communicate with Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

A member of the Rotary Club of Bourges en Bresse, France, who because of present conditions in his country finds it necessary to leave his place of employment and seek a means of livelihood elsewhere, desires connections with a hotel or restaurant in the United States of America. He is 48 years old, has been in the hotel business in France for 28 years, and for the last ten years has been managing director for a group of resort hotels. He has had experience in hotel administration, finances, and decoration; also French cooking and wines. He has a son 20 years of age, who has the French diploma from the Hotel School of the French Alps. He asks assistance of other Rotarians in obtaining employment and immigration permits and visas to America for either himself or his son, or both. They both speak English. Anyone interested and willing to help in obtaining such papers can obtain additional information from Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

A Belgian Rotarian, now in Morocco, would like to migrate to the United States or Canada, or to the Argentine or some other South American country. He feels he will be able to finance his transportation to that country, but on arrival there he would have to have work so as to earn an income. This Rotarian, who is 44 years old, has had considerable administration experience in the petroleum industry. He speaks and writes French and German perfectly, and has a very good working knowledge of English and Dutch. He hopes that some Rotarian can extend a helpful hand in assisting him to start a new career somewhere in the Americas. Any individual willing and able to be of assistance to this Rotarian should write to Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



Last Page Comment

THE WEEKLY MIMEOGRAPHED publication of the Rotary Club of Dewsbury, England, recently carried this comment:

Rotary will surely flourish again and though some of our English Rotarians become very annoyed and wax eloquent because American Rotarians don't openly advocate war, we feel there is still a bond between us. Every letter nowadays from American Rotary Clubs shows us that they either are doing or are willing to do all possible for English refugees or children. We ask ourselves the question, "If America had been at war with someone, should we, as Rotarians, have arisen as one man demanding that England should go to war in support of America?" We must think of it in this light before we start to condemn. Did we, for example, demand help for Finland when she was beleaguered? Have no fear, American Rotarians are our friends, but surely the British lion is strong enough to fight its own battles, and what a feeling of satisfaction if we can ourselves bring about the end that we desire. It will be worth all the sacrifice. We don't believe in glorious victory—there is no such thing—in war everybody is the loser. But enough of this war stuff—Rotary takes us away from it, so here are some Rotary announcements. . . .

ROTARY STILL REMAINS international. Though Clubs in several countries no longer exist, the roster of nations or geographical units in which Rotary carries on still runs long—more than 60. Rotary is a great international fellowship of business and professional men, not a supergovernment. Rotarians of one country cannot control or influence decisions of Governments of other countries; indeed, it is unlikely that they can exercise any powerful control or influence over the policies of their own Government. Our contemporary at Dewsbury was on solid Rotary ground in noting with satisfaction that his fellow Rotarians continue in their fellowship with business and professional men of other lands among whom exists a very friendly and sympathetic attitude. But Rotary has its limitations. Until the 40 or more neutral or nonbel-

ligerent countries also have entered the war, the administration of Rotary International has an obligation to Rotarians in those countries (also Rotarians in European countries now being "protected"), as well as to the Rotarians of countries now at war.

THE PERSONAL EFFORT and time given their jobs by Rotary District Governors is prodigious. Witness this postscript from a letter just to hand from Cecil J. Sibbett, of Capetown, South Africa: "I leave on the seventh (October) for a tour of my Clubs and will be away till about the end of November. The distances—well, Salisbury is 1,800 miles away!"

'THE FARMER'S BOY'—and, of course, girl—is a topic suggested for Rotary Club meetings the first week of this month. If you think it isn't an interesting one, review the telescoped life histories of Geraldine and Wayne starting on page 18. Then, if you would dig deeper into the subject, send \$1 to the American Council on Education, Washington, D. C., for Dr. E. L. Kirkpatrick's *Guideposts for Rural Youth*. Though "Billy" Phelps hasn't reviewed that book, we are sure that when he has read it, our suggestion will get from him a lusty and a fervent "Amen!"

THE PERIL OF OBSOLESCENCE, an evil modern businessmen hate more than St. George did the dragon, hangs over the heads of Rotary Clubs, too. Old administrative machinery must be modernized to keep up with changing conditions. We know of one Club in a splendid community where there are several classifications open and fine Rotary timber immediately available. Yet that Club's machinery for proposing and electing new members is so cumbersome that a 30-day period is allowed for "objections" against newly proposed members. This,

together with the other necessary steps between the Membership Committee and the Club's Board of Directors, puts a damper on the enthusiasm of the member who wants to propose a friend.

The best judgment of Rotary Clubs through the years has shown ten days to be ample time for the member who has objections to file them, and this experience has been formulated into the standard Constitution and By-Laws—a Rotary legislative code evolved through the years as a result of the best experience of Clubs themselves.

WE'VE BEEN SO BUSY putting this issue to bed that it took The Scratchpad Man and Scoopy to remind us that this month THE ROTARIAN is 30 years old. We checked up. They are right. In January, 1911, Secretary Chesley R. Perry got out a little paper christened *The National Rotarian*. Through the years it has paced Rotary, and now is published in two languages, as Vice-President Ware notes on page 7, Spanish and English. Several major changes in format were made just one year ago, and those friends who observe ROTARIAN Week—the fourth week of this month—can call attention to more. These have been made in the continuing 30-year effort to capture in print the news and the ideas of Rotary as it has grown in stature and spirit.

WE LIKE TO THINK OF THIS magazine as a lengthened shadow of a Club. If that be so, THE ROTARIAN should be like no other magazine, and it should express the idealism, the friendliness, and other subtleties that make Rotary Rotary. That is why you will find each speaker—or author—introduced to you. This month we are beginning "end notes"—chats such as you and Tom and Richard might have about the speaker's speech as you push your chairs from the table at the Monarch Hotel and stroll back Main Street to your office or shop. . . .

Now, 't is time to turn over a new leaf.

—Your Editors

